

The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

JULY 1 1923

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'O Lord, the Maker of all thing.' Evening Anthem. By H. A. Chambers.

THE MUSICAL TIMES

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SOME MENDELSSOHN LETTERS

By HERBERT THOMPSON

Mendelssohn may be said to share with Mozart the distinction of being the most entertaining letter-writers of all the great composers. A series of his letters to the late Sir George Macfarren, which have come into the possession of Mrs. Davenport, Macfarren's daughter, recall the musical doings of nearly a century ago, and for this reason, as well as because of the personalities of the correspondents, are of interest.*

Mendelssohn (b. 1809) and Macfarren (b. 1813) were contemporaries who had much in common, and who must have met frequently during the last decade of Mendelssohn's life, if not before. Mendelssohn, from 1829 to 1847—the last year of his life—paid ten visits to England, where he found an appreciation, of both his personality and his music, perhaps more intense than in any other country.

In 1829, when he first came here, Macfarren, a youth of sixteen, was beginning his studentship at the Royal Academy of Music; it can hardly have been before 1837, when Mendelssohn paid his fifth visit to England, and his first to Birmingham (where he conducted his recent oratorio, *St. Paul*, at the Festival in September), that he would be likely to take notice of the young and rising composer, who had just about that time become a professor at the R.A.M., and in the previous year had written a work of which we shall hear a good deal in the letters—the *Chety Chase Overture*.

It is not till the year 1842, however, that we come across any definite evidence of the friendship that was to be formed between the two musicians. In the meantime Macfarren had come to the front as the composer of his successful *Devil's Opera* (1838), had edited Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* (1840), and had become editor of the *Musical World* (1840), while Mendelssohn had, in that year, introduced his *Hymn of Praise* at the Birmingham Festival. But in 1842 there is no doubt that the two had met. Mendelssohn came for his seventh visit to London, and on June 13, at a Philharmonic Concert, conducted his A minor Symphony, afterwards (but not then) known as the *Scotch Symphony*. On the following day Macfarren wrote, as his first critical article, a minute analysis and enthusiastic appreciation, which appeared in the *Musical World* on June 16:

It appears [I quote from Banister's biography of Macfarren] to have been just after the appearance of the first analytical article—probably as its result—that Macfarren made personal acquaintance with Mendelssohn; the only record of his first interview being a hasty note to his family: 'Dear Everybody,—Mendelssohn behaved to me like an angel. G. A. M. June 27, 1842.'

* It should be mentioned that some of these letters appeared in part nearly fifty years ago, in Miss von Glehn's translation of *Goethe and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*, and extracts are given in Banister's biography of Macfarren (1892), but it is believed that this is their first appearance in their entirety.

It was about this year that Macfarren completed his Symphony in C sharp minor, which he dedicated to his new friend. It is a work described as among his best.

On the eve of his departure in July, Mendelssohn wrote a graceful note of farewell to Macfarren, and later in the year the correspondence was continued by the first of our letters. Only a few explanatory words are necessary to introduce it. The reference to the *Rob Roy* Overture is a mistake for *Cherry Chase*, which was written at short notice in 1837 as prelude to a drama by Planché for Drury Lane, but was withdrawn by the composer in consequence of a misunderstanding. It was actually produced with success in January, 1838, at a concert of the Society of British Musicians, being conducted by his friend, J. W. Davison, who afterwards became critic of *The Times*. It is rather more than a coincidence that two musicians of such opposite tendencies as Mendelssohn and Wagner should have waxed enthusiastic over this Overture. Wagner conducted it at one of the Philharmonic Concerts in 1855, and afterwards referred to it in his memoirs (bungling the names of both the composer and his work !):

Less sympathetic [than Cipriani Potter] was Mr. MacFarren, a pompous, melancholy Scotchman, whose compositions, however, were, as I was assured by the Philharmonic Committee, very highly valued. He seemed too proud to discuss the interpretation of any of his compositions with me, so that it was a relief that a Symphony of his, which aroused in me no sympathy, was laid aside, and instead was chosen an Overture, *Steeple-Chase*, which was of a peculiarly wild and passionate character, and gave me pleasure to perform.

Leipsic, December 29, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—A dreadful misfortune in my family, the loss of my mother, has been the cause of my not answering sooner to your letter. Indeed I am still so much thrown down in body and spirits that I cannot write and think of anything worth while reading or hearing. Excuse therefore these few and bad lines, and excuse if they are merely on business. I am commissioned by the Direction of the Abonnement-Concerts to enquire, whether you could send them the score of one of your *Overtures*, that they might have copied it out and performed in the course of the next months. They would (in case you could grant their request) prefer an Overture to the Symphony, because there has been an unusual great quantity of new *Symphonies* offered to them (not less than six for the remaining nine Concerts) and only one new *Overture* of Spohr's. Now, as I knew you had written *Overtures* (I recollect particularly one to Scott's *Rob Roy* of which I have the arrangement as a Duet myself, and some others), I could not but accept the commission, and propose the question to you. As four of the six named *Symphonies* will at any rate be performed I think it would be a great service which you would do the Directors', if you could send them an Overture, and it would also be good for the work in itself. At all events write me word immediately (directed to Leipsic), and tell me what you decide. If you cannot send the Overture, I think the Directors will have the Symphony copied out (of course not at your expense, as you say in your letter, but at theirs) and perform it notwithstanding those difficulties. But if you can give the Overture, pray send the Score direct to Mr. Kistner, music publisher, here, as soon as possible; Mess. Wessel & Stapleton will certainly name you a house at Hamburg to which to direct it. If you have parts,

let them make part of the parcel, if not the score will be safely copied out here. If you can send two, so much better; perhaps could they perform both.

Pray tell Mr. Davison the reason why I am not able to write to him, and talk over all the interesting topics of his friendly letter to me. Tell him that I will be sure to do what he wishes me; and that it will be a pleasure to me; tell him also that under these circumstances I have not been able to finish the songs for Mess. Wessel & Stapleton and that I do not know at present when I shall have spirits to do so. Once more excuse the bad letter.—Always yours very sincerely,

(Signed) FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

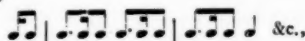
G. A. Macfarren, Esq.,
6, Alfred Place, Bedford Square,
London.

The next three letters bear date 1843, during which year the Leipsic Conservatorium was opened, the completed *Midsummer Night's Dream* music was first produced at Potsdam; a performance of *Israel in Egypt* at Leipsic will be seen to have a special significance in connection with the fact that in this same year Macfarren became secretary of the English Handel Society, and lost no time in invoking Mendelssohn's sympathy and active assistance in the undertaking. The *Romeo and Juliet* Overture was, according to Banister, 'composed probably about the year 1836, and performed at a concert of the Society of British Musicians either at the close of that year or at the commencement of 1837.' It was given again by this Society in 1838, in 1840 appeared as a pianoforte duet, was frequently used as an introduction to the play, and was performed at one of the Philharmonic Concerts as recently as 1888. The 'loss' referred to is that of Macfarren's father, who died in April, 1843, and who first suggested the formation of a Society for the publication of a complete edition of Handel's works. It existed only five years, and it was left to the German Handel Society to achieve the task. For the London Society Macfarren edited *Belshazzar*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Jephtha*, and, as we shall see, Mendelssohn undertook *Israel*.

Leipsic, April 2, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have expected a letter from me, and I one from you; for at the conclusion of your last you said you would look out once more for your Overture and send me word, as soon as you had found it. I thought it impossible that such a work should have been lost entirely, and waited every day for the Score or some news from you—and now it seems you did the same. When I did not hear from you, I tried to bring out the Symphony in one of our last Concerts, but as I suspected, when I first wrote to you, there was some opposition from the Directors, merely because there had been four new *Symphonies* in the course of the last two months, and they did so much that I was obliged to postpone it until the beginning of the next season, although it was half copied already. I am sorry you feel disappointed by the delay, but it was not in my power to help it. Meanwhile I must repeat what I said in my first letter—if you had an Overture I am sure it would be a better beginning for this public and these Concerts, than a Symphony. Ask Bennett, who knows the place, and who will certainly concur in this opinion. And if you could accordingly let us have an Overture before the Symphony, I am sure the last would be much better understood and received by the public, even if there had not been such a quantity of new native *Symphonies*

beforehand, as there has been this year. You tell me, you never wrote an Overture to *Rob Roy*. But did I dream of it, or what else can it be? For I recollect the key, D major, the time $\frac{3}{4}$, recollect that I saw it published, arranged as a Duet, that it began with this rhythm:



that on the first page of music was printed once more the title—Overture to &c., by G. A. Macfarren. Now can I have invented, or dreamt all this? I wish I was right and you would send it or anything else like it,—for I liked it very much, and so would the people here.

And as for my not writing, you must never be angry with me for that, or I should be afraid of losing your good opinion very soon. I often live many months without being able to write a letter, sometimes also without an hour of leisure for doing so, and all my friends know it and must bear with it, for it is stronger than I am. Ask Bennett also in this respect.

And as for those good friends of yours who think, as you say, that English music is a thing which cannot be endured in Germany, and that a work of yours would be here like an apparition of two moons,—pray ask them to wait a few months, before they repeat an opinion equally discreditable to us and to you, or pray tell them in my name that they are sadly mistaken, and that the event will soon prove them to be so.

I wish I could write much longer, but again I cannot, and can only assure you that I shall always remain, Yours very truly,

(Signed) FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

G. A. Macfarren Esqre,
6, Alfred Place, Bedford Square,
London.

Leipzig, September 7, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought to have written to you long ago and to have said a few words to you in reply to your last letter, which brought me the sad news of your loss—but what could I say! You yourself, who tore your letter to me on a similar event to pieces, you know that words and letters and everything is empty at such a time! And so I did not know what to say, and was silent. That I thought of you I need not say and need not assure you of it. Even now I should hardly have broken my silence if it had not been for a communication which, I dare say, will be a welcome one to you. After a very busy theatrical summer and many weeks during which I could not bring our Orchestra and a good musical audience together to have a good sound Rehearsal, at last there came some rest last week and I availed myself of it to have the first Concert-rehearsal for the coming season and to have your Overtures played. And I cannot sufficiently tell you what a very great treat they afforded to me, to the Orchestra and to all present, how they were delighted, and how your name is henceforth so well known and so thoroughly respected amongst our musicians. We began with the Overture to the *Cheviot Chase*, and after the first performance we were all so struck with its fresh and youthful beauty, that we played it three times through, and at the end of the Rehearsal we did it once more and then it really went that I only wished you could have heard it! We played also the other Overture to *Romeo and Juliet* in which there are so very beautiful things, and in which I liked particularly the *Largo* and then the Conclusion; but the *Chace* was the decided favourite of the Orchestra, and the audience, and accordingly we shall begin with it at one of our first Abonnement-Concerts, and as for its success it is already as certain, as if it had been played. For there was a great number of musicians and amateurs in the room, and they being quite unanimous with the Orchestra in their delight and applause there is now already so much spoken of you and your work, and the people who have not heard it have already such an opinion of it, that as

I said there is no doubt whatever about its most brilliant success. I am going to Berlin this winter, and shall not be the Conductor of these Concerts, but I asked the Directors to give the Overture at a Concert when I should be here and could conduct it as an exception; (for I would not lose that treat for anything, and shall be too glad when I hear the public roar very much after it) and they promised that to me, and they want also to hear your other Overtures and the Symphony at their Concerts. Once more you are no more a stranger to the musical people here but you are a friend, and a very dear and respected one to them, and I feel happy to be the first who tells you of it.

That was the reason that I had to-day to write. Indeed I waited for that communication all the time. Your notice about the Handel-Society was handed by me soon after its receipt to Mess. Breitkopf & Härtel, who promised to give it as much publicity as they could. Success to that good undertaking. Try to have an Organ part with small notes and with its Author's name to every piece you publish. But [if] it is not with small notes, so that everybody can distinguish it from the original composition, I would consider it as the worst thing you could do. Immediately after the first performance of your Overture, which will be in about a month, I shall write again, not to tell you of the success, which is already complete, but to bring you all our good wishes and thanks.—Very truly yours,

(Signed) FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

A. Macfarren, Esqre.,
Care of Mess. Wessel & Stapleton,
Music Publishers,
Fifth Street, Soho,
London.

Berlin, October 16, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have thought a good deal about the question in your last letter. You know what a pleasure it would afford me to see you here in my Country, and that nobody would give you a more heartfelt welcome than I and my friends and all the friends of good music. But you place the question on a different ground from that of my or your personal pleasure, and on that subject (as indeed on all others) I think the strictest sincerity the most necessary thing—although I would advise and ask you to visit this country as a friend, and although I am sure you would like and be liked by, my Countrymen as much as you and I could ever wish it, I cannot advise you to come with the view of making money, even as little as the travelling expenses would be. I know by experience how very very long it lasts here before one may depend on the public with some certainty, and how seldom a Concert brings more than the means of staying the necessary time at a place. Besides you would only get half a view of the Country if you will view it in the light, which businesses of that kind throw always on all other objects to a true artist as you are and much as you would like Germany without that, I am afraid the people that would necessarily surround you for the sake of those affairs and the affairs in themselves would spoil the good effect, would indeed disappoint you. I need not tell you, that at all events—you may take my advice or not—and under all circumstances shall be most happy to see you here and shall do whatever is in my power to make your stay agreeable as well as profitable.

Have many thanks for the kind things you say about my bad English letters, and still more thanks for your liking my new music. I hope you will like my music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and long to play it myself to you. What new things have you written? You never say a word of that, and yet it is the most interesting thing to me. They promised, before I left Leipzig, to perform at least one of your works, besides the *Cheviot Chase* of which I wrote you the success. I only wish I could be present; I regret my good Leipzig Orchestra and my good friends every day, and wish

I had them here. I have got two subscribers for your Handel Society; The King of Prussia wants to have his name on the Subscribers' list, and likewise the Choral Society for the Cathedral at Berlin. Will you be so good as to have these two names put down, and direct the communications which would be made accordingly to 'Count Redern, *Excels.*, Berlin.' How does it come that you have my name on the list? Of course I should be happy to become a member, but I possess Arnolds' complete edition, and many single works in two or three editions already, and would hardly know where to place another edition. However, I am so glad to see my name where so many respected and renowned names stand, that at any rate I must continue a member. Now the paper concludes this letter, not I. Farewell, be happy, and remember kindly yours very truly

(Signed) FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

G. A. Macfarren, Esq.,
75, Berners Street,
London.

(To be continued.)

'THE PERFECT FOOL'; OR, THE PERFECT OPERA

BY DONALD TOVEY*

It seems that there is a danger that by the time these lines are in print Holst's *The Perfect Fool* may be decisively labelled as a 'spoof opera.' On the other hand, solemn questions have already been asked as to what Mr. Holst is driving at; nor have we been disappointed of the note of the sea-captain who put down *Gulliver's Travels* with the protest that he didn't believe a word of it. Now, while it is almost more important to see jokes than to make them, there are some jokes which can be seen only by those who take them seriously. Analysis is not a good process for elucidating either the higher or the lower forms of humour, unless it can be so directed as to leave the humour to speak for itself; and the humour of *The Perfect Fool* is, both in music and in words and action, of a kind that might be called fool-proof but for the fact that its transparency belies its depth. Analysis might reveal its depth; but nobody is really fond of the professor whose scientific classification of forms of humour enables him to approve good specimens with the verdict, 'Yes, there *is* that joke.' A better way to deal with the humour of Holst's *The Perfect Fool* might be to classify the people whom it annoys or puzzles. It is a touchstone. Like the touchstone in Stevenson's fable, it gives no startling exclusive illumination of its own; but when other mutually exclusive touchstones are brought before it they each glow with their proper light and cease to conflict among themselves; while prigs and humbugs are seen to smile but as a clock ticks. In other words, *The Perfect Fool* is a great work of art; and its vein of parody has the effect of renewing our appetite for the things parodied. At the risk of analyzing a joke I will call attention to what the Princess says and does not say when she is wooed first by an early-Verdi Troubadour and

then by the wandering Wotan of *Siegfried*. To the Troubadour she does not say that this sort of thing is out of date and that she doesn't care for *coloratura*; on the contrary, she carries off his cadenzas from the point where his efforts fail, and bids him 'go home and learn to sing better'; and if she says that his voice will never win her, that is evidently because she knows his art better than he does himself. Moreover, the comic failure of the tenor to reach his top notes is by no means ugly in itself, and it results in exquisite pleasure (a pleasure which, for all its ridiculous simplicity, is new) when the Princess relieves him of them. Again, she does not tell the Traveller that Wotan is a bore and that life is not long enough to devote an hour to watching him plough Mime in *vivâ voce* 'Literæ Humaniores.' Instead she says, to the theme of young Siegfried's horn (as far as I have noticed, the only actual musical quotation in the work), 'But, sir, I think we have heard this before.' The dear old gentleman expostulates with 'noisiest negative' until his own orchestral apparatus drowns his voice: but we shall all come back to the real Wagner with a fresh sense of the sublime pathos of the Wanderer. For Holst has stolen none of the Wanderer's original harmonies; he has mastered his own Wotanese, and done for Wotan what (*pace* Queen Elizabeth) Shakespeare did not do for Falstaff: shown him in love, and allowed the style to lapse into parody only after it has achieved its thrill of sublime contrast. In the same way the Troubadour's ridiculous song is by no means without the glamour of the genuine article. Of the three chords of the public-house pianist's vamping-tutor this style of art lives mainly upon two, the tonic and the dominant. The sub-dominant should not appear until the second part of the scheme (corresponding roughly to the short middle lines of a limerick), when the glorious melody is well under way and it behoves the voice to sound a warmer, deeper note. These principles Holst has mastered; and not until they are manifested does he permit the tune (apart from the shock of its first appearance) to lapse into something suspiciously below its own modest pretensions.

And so we might continue, arguing that wherever the jokes and parodies are tested they ring true, that in every case 'there *is* that joke.' Incidentally, it will follow that Holst is just as cruel, or sympathetic, to his own style as he is to all the other objects of his persiflage. But the moral—yes, there *is* that moral—remains, namely, that this is, as I mentioned before, a great work of art. There is no 'spoof' about it, any more than there is in Bach's *Phœbus and Pan* (also a review of musical styles), or Bach's *Coffee Cantata*, or any other classic, comic or tragic. It has not even that last infirmity of noble parodists, a vein of irritability in reaction against the sublime. Two artistic virtues are at present almost violently out of fashion: the one, a sense of the sublime, and the other an all-round and constant mastery. Holst has both. Anybody who has heard the *Hymn of Jesus* would know *a priori* that, whatever

* From *The Nation and The Athenæum* of May 26. Reprinted by kind permission

The Perfect Fool was going to be, it was not going to have anything to do with *Parsifal*. A master of the sublime may annihilate his worshippers with ridicule, but he will not dissipate the very subjects and sources of his inspiration, however much he may dislike the way other artists have used them.

The action and dialogue (both spoken and sung) in *The Perfect Fool* are so clear and the performance so adequate that I prefer to keep up the fiction (fairly successfully preserved as a fact before the first performance) that the spectator is to know nothing about them beforehand. But it is permissible to wonder if, consciously or psycho-analytically, the title-rôle originally symbolized the British Public, impossible to awaken, but possessed of a charm which impels the Spirit of Opera (the Princess) to woo it in vain. However, in the present instance the public seems unlikely to fulfil that rôle: a crowded house showed no sign of yawning—though the Fool and a flute in the orchestra showed how beautifully that can be done.

* * * * *

What more auspicious opening of an operatic season could be imagined than this delightful piece, which renews the listener's appetite for every kind of opera worthy of the arts of music and drama?

Ad Libitum

By 'FESTE'

In various ways the broadcasting question continues to thrust itself on our attention. The duel between the broadcasting opera singers and a firm of concert-giving publishers is a domestic matter which must be left to settle itself. A good deal may be said—and is being said—on both sides, but obviously the last word must wait until ample and reliable data is available as to the effect of broadcasting on the box-offices. At present the two parties say exactly opposite things. For my part, I cannot avoid the conclusion that if in a few years' time the British Broadcasting Company runs a first-rate orchestra, a ditto chamber music combination, and a batch of fine singers, and sets them to work daily broadcasting a rich and varied programme, the concert box-office will feel a draught. I hear someone say that the concert-room will always be attractive, because people like to see the artists, and also because of the social pleasures of the concert hall. As to the first point, it depends on the artist. If I were not a scrupulously polite and tender-hearted man, I could give a list of performers whose appearance and platform mannerisms, so far from helping me to enjoy their performance, are a hindrance.

Straddling, restless, and perspiring conductors, singers who make heavy weather of high notes and show it in their faces, pianists who swank and pounce, fiddlers who sway and languish—all these come between us and the music: there should be a screen betwixt us and them.

The only performer who may occasionally increase our pleasure by being in view is a singer whose interpretative outfit includes a comely face and figure, with the former expressively and naturally used. I remember a few years ago seeing in an American paper the portrait of a much boomed baritone, whose face might fairly be described as a kind of hatchet. I was willing to believe all the accompanying letterpress told me about the charm of his voice and interpretation, but he was a singer who should be heard and not seen, just as some of us whose sole dowry is the fatal gift of beauty should be seen and not heard. And how little of our enjoyment of music depends on our seeing the performer, even in the case of a good singer, is shown by the gramophone. I have heard Chaliapin in the flesh and via the gramophone, and the difference between the amount of pleasure I get from the two is so small as to be negligible. When my stock of Chaliapin records reaches double figures, and includes the pick of his repertory, you will have to buy my ticket and send a car to fetch me before I will go all the way from a comfortable home to the Albert Hall in order to hear him at first hand. Yet if any singer is worth seeing as well as hearing, Chaliapin is his name. As for the rank and file, the sight of them doesn't increase the pleasure a penn'orth; in a good many cases it reduces it by several penn'orths.

The social side of the concert-hall: Is there such a thing? How can we be sociable when wedged in solid rows with no room for the knees of any of us who are over 5-ft. 6-in. tall, and with too little space for such as are broad in the beam and of comfortable girth? For us poor victims of cramp and pins and needles the easing interval is all too short, and we can enjoy it only by a struggling and apologetic progress over the corns of our neighbours. If the concert-hall survives another twenty years, you will find its patrons sitting round promiscuously, moving about freely between the items, and dropping in and out quietly as they feel disposed. It will be a kind of large-scale 'at home,' in which starch and stuffiness will be as rare as they are common in the concert-room of to-day.

I broke off here to go to an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall. With this subject still in mind, I found myself wondering how much of the conductor's gesturing and posturing was necessary, and how much was for the benefit of the audience. Do you suppose that the brass department, for example, is unable to enter with a *fortissimo* crash on the very nail without being incited by the conductor? If the conductor were behind a screen, would he at such a crisis bring his right leg across the wicket, and throw a fist full of menace at the trumpet? I don't think! Not for a moment would I suggest that a conductor is a mere trimming, but I do suggest that his difficult work would be better done, and with less fatigue, if he were out of sight. As it is, a lot of mental, and even more physical, effort is

spent in bringing off coups of the showy kind. The audience sees the wild, emphatic gesture, hears the crash, and innocently regards the two as cause and effect. But the effect is the composer's, and first-rate players can be trusted to hand it on with the minimum of help from the demigod in charge. 'Tis a fine thing to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm, and an attractive thing even to appear to be doing it. But so far as orchestral music is concerned, it is not the most difficult of feats. If our conductors were hidden, and so placed beyond the temptation to be spectacular, they would leave the whirlwind-riding business alone, and concentrate on the far more difficult task of (say) giving us the delicate and perfectly-in-tune wood-wind playing that we are sure the composer had in view, but which we hear about once in a season. The wood-wind family has been called the flower-garden of the orchestra. Once in fifty times it may live up to that charming title; the remaining forty-nine it suggests the cabbage-patch.

As I said above, I believe that wireless will be a formidable rival to the concert hall. A few nights ago, twenty-three miles out of London, I heard dance music and solos with astonishing clearness. The dance music was especially good. With the window open one could have held a dance outside on the lawn: and we picked up some chamber music from Birmingham, remote but clear. A few years of improvement and development, and how can the concert-room compete with this?

With opera the case is different. I heard one of the B.N.O.C. performances of *Pagliacci* by wireless, and as a result I came to the conclusion that at present Mr. Radford is right in his view that broadcasting will increase the audience at the opera. I say 'at present,' because so far the wireless gives no more than a sketch of the music. Most of the solo work is pretty clear, but the orchestral part is very patchy, and the chorus, especially the female part, sounds like a pack of distant howling dervishes. As things are now, nobody is likely to accept opera by wireless as a substitute for the real thing. Yet it gives occasional patches so good that many people making a first acquaintance with an opera in their home will be induced to follow it up at Covent Garden. In the case of those of us who know the opera the broadcasting works differently. Hearing the music, we find it easy to visualise the accompanying action. My experience of *Pagliacci* per wireless convinces me that in the near future many of us will take our opera at home, and nowhere else. This will mean, of course, that some operas will cease to exist so far as we are concerned. Those in which the music is poor—that is, about ninety per cent.—will not be worth listening to, inasmuch as their appeal is almost entirely to the eye and to the palate for drama. Who wants to hear the mere music of *Louise*, for example? Wagner we shall take in long, deep draughts. The question of 'cuts' will be settled

in the easiest of ways: every man will be his own axe. When the *Valkyrie* is on, for example, and that deadly Act 2 is imminent, you simply switch off, and fill your time pleasantly until you know you can safely switch on again. At the opera house, you have to sit and doze out, or go to the bar and drink it out. Wagner was a great symphonic composer who took the wrong turning. His future lies in the concert-hall where we shall enjoy his music without the distractions of the absurd text and scenic effects. Even the voice parts can be dispensed with in a good many extracts. This is dreadful heresy, of course. But all the signs point to the opera of the future being not only shorter, but also more or less a reversion to the ballad type. The interminable Wagner music-drama will be too much for the stomach of all but a few hardy enthusiasts with lots of time on their hands. Already the works are cut so drastically that such little point as the sprawling fables ever had is badly damaged. Who cares tuppence about anæmic Elsas, absurd Swans, and the whole collection of prosy prigs from Tannhäuser to Wotan? Give us the glorious music, and shoot the rest into the limbo that gapes for it.

It has been said that the operatic public is the least musical of all, and hard though the saying be one cannot but feel that it is true, seeing the absurdities and inconsistencies that opera-goers will swallow. Can you imagine a performance of (say) a Shakespeare play in which one character spoke in Italian or French, and the remainder in English? Yet this is the kind of thing that has happened at Covent Garden lately. We have had distinguished performers joining the Company for one performance and singing in a foreign language while their colleagues sang in English. These visiting performers are called 'guests.' Why, I know not. Presumably they accept engagements on the usual cash basis. Lodgers are often euphemistically known as 'paying guests'; why not be accurate as well as polite in this case, and call the distinguished ones 'paid guests'? But their style and title matters little. What does matter is that the B.N.O.C., whose policy is the development of opera in the vernacular, has on these occasions hauled down its flag, and capitulated feebly to stars from over the water. In *The Times* of June 16, Mr. Colles, in an article headed 'Polyglot Opera,' discusses this point. He says truly that the Company has still to prove

... the general proposition that the English language is the most satisfactory medium for the presentation of opera to the English audience, and the first step towards this is to dispel a false association of ideas, which regards the English language in opera as belonging to a second-rate type of performance.

And he goes on to point out that of these 'guests' four belong to English-speaking races and the fifth has long since shown himself able to sing in English. Why then should they not learn an English version of their parts? And where is the

line to be drawn in polyglotting? If one performer is allowed to sing in a foreign tongue, why not two or three? We may yet hear a performance in French, Italian, German, and English.

As Mr. Colles says, this departure from principle

... must tend to confirm the impression in the minds of a very ignorant public that the singer who sings in a foreign language is a finer artist than the one who sings in English. It falsifies the position of those singers who have done most to bring this Company into existence, and to help it towards forming a tradition of its own. One need only recall the names of Agnes Nicholls, Walter Hyde, and Robert Radford to realise that the men and women who have fought hardest throughout their careers for the principle of opera in English include some of the finest artists on the stage to-day.

And he ends by pointing out that when Richter produced the *Ring* in English a well-known German tenor got up the part of Siegfried in English specially for the occasion. But then the tenor was not a 'guest'; he was merely an artist accepting an engagement under a conductor who wished the performance to be consistent.

We all hope the B.N.O.C will be a permanent and flourishing affair, but this result is not helped by the Company's adoption of some of the absurdities and conventions that have alienated so many musicians in the past. There was a return to the bad old times recently when Melba sang, The King and Queen attended (apparently to hear Melba, not the opera), the singer was received in the Royal box, and there was a lot of the old star-worshipping and society glamour.

It is to be regretted, too, that the Company's announcements now refer to 'Melba Nights.' We cannot be expected to regard opera as a serious musical form when a single performer is put forward as being of more importance than all the rest of the cast, the orchestra, and the composer. When a Beethoven concert is given at Queen's Hall it is not announced as a 'Henry Wood Concert,' and if Lamond is playing a prominent part we do not hear of a 'Lamond Evening.' However important the performers, the event remains a Beethoven concert, and if operas in general were great works instead of being either good plays spoilt, or fine music hampered by texts beneath contempt as literature, there would be less need to depend upon the booming of stars as an attraction.

Returning, by way of *Coda*, to the question of music by wireless, I note, among other interesting discussions of the topic, one in the *Musical News and Herald*, by Mr. Jeffrey Pulver and Dr. G. A. Pfister. On May 26 Mr. Pulver expressed the view that wireless as a musical medium was like the cinema and the gramophone—merely a kind of 'second-best,' and therefore not to be regarded as a serious rival to the concert-hall. But there are degrees of second-bestness. If the gramophone and wireless telegraphy develop to such an extent that they run the first-hand performance very close, we have only to set off

against the slight loss in the performance the fact that we are saved the expense and inconvenience of going to the concert-hall.

During the past year or so, the gramophone has made great strides in effectiveness and even more in the matter of repertory. Can it be contended that the gramophone now sends people to the concert-hall? Hardly. The possessor of a good instrument and a fine stock of records can give himself an evening's music certainly not less enjoyable than any he could obtain from an average good concert; he can lengthen it or cut it short as he likes, and if he be given that way, he can encore to repletion without being a nuisance to anybody. And when his concert is over, there is no dash for bus or tube, and no straphanging. If Mr. Pulver thinks this way of getting one's music is only a 'second-best,' and not likely to damage the concert-hall box-office, he is, I think, mistaken.

Evidence on this point appeared in the *Musical News and Herald* of June 16, when Dr. Pfister answered Mr. Pulver's article. He quoted from the *Musical Courier* of May 17 the following note from Paris:

Georges de Launay, conductor of the Paris Orchestra, and the members of the orchestra, refused to go on with a concert at the Salle Gaveau until the radio broadcasting apparatus had been removed from the hall. The concert was a charity affair, and M. de Launay said friends of his had refused to purchase tickets because they had wireless receiving sets in their homes and could enjoy the concert just as well without paying the price.

If this sort of thing happens in 1923, where will the concert-hall be in 1933? By that time the broadcasting companies will have their own opera houses, theatres, and concert-halls; science will almost certainly have made it possible for us to see, as well as hear, by wireless; and the gramophone will give us complete performances of long works on one side of a record. On the whole, if you have shares in a concert-room you will be wise to unload pretty soon, unless the place is to be turned into a cinema or a dancing hall—I beg pardon, a *Palais de Danse*.

One word on the attitude of publishers towards wireless music: For the life of me I cannot understand their hostility. When concerts are broadcast regularly, there may be a slight loss in performing fees on bigish works, but this loss should be counterbalanced a hundred times over by the increased sale of popular music. At present a valuable means of advertising new and popular songs is the ballad concert. Now a ballad concert reaches, say, a thousand hearers. But get these same songs broadcast and you have an audience of a million. Set a million hearers nightly listening to a good performance of *Rose o' my heart*, *Heart o' my Rose*, *Comrade o' mine*, *Friend o' mine*, *Mother o' mine*, *Baby o' mine*, *Pal o' mine*, and all the other o' mines, and the sales will leap a hundredfold. The same holds good, of course, with popular pianoforte and violin music. The publisher who first gives up

abusing wireless, and lays his plans to make skilful use of it, will leave his rivals standing.

By the by, if you take your opera by wireless, and don't wish to have the illusion rudely dispelled, switch off the moment the work is over. When I listened to *Pagliacci* I saw in my mind's eye the horrid and bloody end of Nedda and Canio, heard the latter's tag, 'The comedy is ended,' and was just taking in the confused rustling murmur of the audience's applause, when there was a sudden silence, from which emerged a startlingly clear voice saying, with a geniality that seemed quite out of place, 'Latest weather report: The present north-easterly winds will continue; rain is likely to-morrow [Sunday!]; there is a depression over the Irish Channel . . .'

We caught some of that depression, drew the curtains closer, and sat more tightly round the fire. Only the bland voice proceeding to intone the closing cricket scores reminded us that it was flaming June.

'FÊTE GALANTE'

BY HUBERT J. FOSS

Produced by Barry Jackson at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre on June 4, and by the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden Opera House on June 11, 1923.

It is interesting that all the immediate notices of Dame Ethel Smyth's *Fête Galante* discussed the libretto fully but the music with little particularity. The libretto is certainly interesting in that it provides a more believable situation than many operas. It also provides room—too much for its length—for pretty effects on the stage. Dramatised by the composer from a story by the Hon. Maurice Baring and tricked out by verse from Mr. Edward Shanks, it is moderately well done, though it fails to achieve its dramatic aim, first by its brevity (an uncommon fault in opera), and secondly by its vapid dialogue. Not only is the verse not memorable, it is not even close knit, nor do Dame Smyth's speech at Birmingham and programme-note in London, though necessary, explain the exact nature of Pierrot's heroism, nor of the King's divining power, nor wholly the significant symbolism of the puppet-play.

But the libretto, if not brilliant, is moderate in quality and might be effective if time could be added to it and if produced by a better hand than Miss Maggie Teyte's (who, however, is far better than Mr. Cairns James). The music, on the other hand, has only in certain quarters not given dissatisfaction. More than one critic has remarked that it treats a French subject in an English way, a dainty subject presumably (but see Mr. Guedalla's essay on the 'delightfully French' and 'exquisitely Greek') in a solid way. It is a false distinction. Remove the nationality and press the criticism a little further, however, and it approaches the truth: Dame Ethel Smyth has treated an imaginative subject in an unimaginative way. Nor does

the subject matter much in this connection; the music, which matters, is unimaginative, and that is the end.

It is only possible to give here certain small examples and discuss a few points of the score, which is well worthy of study in conjunction with these slight remarks. Besides a pretty subject Dame Ethel Smyth has a pretty touch with the orchestra (save in certain notable places); that does not mend matters, because good scoring cannot transmute dull subject-matter, cannot provide the missing development, cannot of itself make drama.

A seventh is added to the opening dominant chord of the opera after it has been held for three bars, and the scene begins at once with a Saraband, an ordinary gay piece of writing with one bar quite out of style. The counter-section or *Musette* provides the chief sentimental subject of the opera, a tune of sliding semitones, badly placed for voices, of perspicuous ancestry:

EX. 1.
ALTOS & TENORS with Orchestra.

The musical score for Ex. 1 is a Saraband for Altos and Tenors with Orchestra. It consists of six systems of music. The first system is marked 'Foco mezzo mosso.' and 'Str.'. The second system is marked 'Cres.'. The third system is marked 'mf' and 'dim.'. The fourth system is marked 'pp'.

• Universal Edition. London Agents: J. Curwen & Sons.

This motive (undeveloped) provides the climax of the love scene and the strong moment when, at the end of the opera, Pierrot is seen hanging.

There follows at once the puppet quartet (four solo voices), whose tunes have been coined without special reference to the accent of the words, with the result that lines are set thus (I have bracketed the phrases on one note):

Ex. 2. ♩ = 179. BASS. TENOR.

Who were des-poil-ed if . . . Pier-rot then Still

ALTO.

in his gar-den . . . lounged And dreamed him-

selt the hap-pi-est of men.

This is the conventional glee, complete with its upward-sliding semitones on the tonic seventh chord:

Ex. 3.

Stay, stay, stay, . . .

After a very short waltz the dialogue begins, at once introducing a pleasing and dainty motive, vaguely associated with the King, conventional in form, and relying largely upon the 5 7 4—5 7 3 suspension on the dominant (the voice holding the octave of the bass). This is a repeated trick in the opera, used not in the way a motive is repeated, but as a mere technical device. There are seven passages I have noticed* (in addition to its constant appearance in the King theme)—and there are probably others—where considerable reliance, in each case slightly different, is laid upon this *cliché* of expression. The 6-4 chord, indeed, plays a part surprisingly large in a work by one who has presumably attained a style of her own.

The scene which follows, that of Columbine's quarrel with Pierrot and acceptance of Harlequin, is, musically, the best in the play—dainty and charming, and containing a pleasant variant upon the Saraband motive. It leads to the Pierrot theme, a simple tune which comes out in performance better and more vocally than it reads (but then Mr. Raymond Ellis, the Covent Garden Pierrot, has natural dignity). The libretto marks 'distant music' after the second verse, and scored with less bass, the isolated flute melody here would be quite beautiful, a genuine melody, and the best conception in the whole work, though its vocal counterpoint slips back into easy-going commonplace. There follows the madrigal which has so charmed the critics. Dramatically, it is effective,

for the same reason that Mr. Boughton's *Fairy Song* is effective—that is to say, simply because it is sung 'off.' Beyond that, it is another conventional mid-Victorian glee, without distinction, without vocal artifice, without reference to the beautiful poem of Donne's used for its basis. The love scene to which it gives place is remarkably reminiscent of Spohr, its characteristic being the third inversion of the G chord, leading by an augmented sixth to the third inversion of the F natural chord. Suddenly there comes in this unexplained weakling of a tune:

Ex. 4. ♩ = 144.

p p *dim.* *ec.*

The Queen says in this scene, 'This music is like our love,' but she does not, alas, give us a description of their love.

The cross-questioning scene opens impressively with Columbine's denouncement of Pierrot's supposed love-making with the Queen. As a sample of the musical invention I quote the opening phrase:

COLUMBINE.

Ex. 5. ♩ = 92.

Al-ways, since first we played to the Court

ORCHESTRA.

f p

you loved the Queen.

This *agitato* section does not carry, chiefly because it is scrappy. The phrase associated with the King is effective enough, but music that lacks development and continuous treatment lacks drama. The reintroduction of Pierrot's song is not unsuccessful, though his condemnation to the gallows utterly fails to be impressive and memorable. The rout which follows also misses fire, for two good reasons: it is far too short to give the necessary musical and dramatic contrasts with the arrest before and the hanging after, and it would have had more of the tragedy it intends to convey if it were more riotous, more frankly gay. It works up to a climax of modern harmonies *fortissimo*, a palpable error of style as they stand, but inconceivably incongruous when they lead to the bald restatement of the Brahmsian *Musette*. (There is one other instance of this incongruity, at the top of Columbine's accusations.)

* Vocal score, pp. 6 (with the village organist's flattened sixth), 12, 32 (and throughout the Pierrot theme), 38 (and throughout the madrigal), 47, 54, 56.

The opera ends with a ten-bar phrase which is quite unrelated to what has gone before.

Fête Galante is a lesson in the difference between tune and melody. Even such slight notes and indications as those here put together must indicate its singular lack of musical invention, and that is why it is a surprising selection as the second English work to be fathered by the National Opera Company. I cannot believe that it would have been so honoured by production not only in London but also at Birmingham, if its composer had not been famous. It has chances of being a commercial success, it is true, but the continual clamouring for home-made opera is not justified by a work of such insignificant musical invention. I have never trusted the production of opera as a sign of the musical vitality of a nation. We may not have produced many better operas than *Fête Galante*, yet I am sure of the musical vitality of England, which will last longer if we judge our national opera, not on its English, but on its musical qualities. Lastly, *Fête Galante* has been compared to the Sullivan operas; such a comparison simply points to ignorance of Sullivan's scores.

The Musician's Bookshelf

George Frideric Handel: His Personality and his Times. By Newman Flower.

[Cassell, 21s.]

Unlike most composers, Handel lived a life so eventful as to make him a first-rate subject for biography. Not only was he a bonnie fighter; there was also more than a touch of the adventurer about him. Mr. Newman Flower, most enthusiastic of Handelians, has apparently got together everything that is known on the biographical side, and has spread himself and it over a bulky volume. Mr. Flower edits *Cassell's Weekly*, and I find myself wondering what would happen to contributions that reached him couched in the style of this book. Or, rather, I don't wonder: I can see the blue pencil getting to work. I wish Mr. Flower the author had handed the MS. of this book to Mr. Flower the editor, with orders to be drastic: for it is, perhaps, the worst-written book of importance that has appeared in recent years. It contains a lot of irrelevant matter. (For example, there are pages about the habits of the Georges that really have no bearing on the subject; they appear to be there in order to show up the absurdity of what the Americans call the 'King business.' Mr. Flower seems to have slept with a copy of Thackeray's *Four Georges* under his pillow.) The punctuation is erratic, and some words are used in a way that makes one squirm. Thus, 'The self-appraise and snobbery is so typical of him'; 'It would have destroyed some men, fresh and excited with the first lilt of the world's appraise'; and 'made him seek the appraise which only a London success would bestow.' Why say 'appraise' when 'praise'

is meant? Again, 'Queen Anne . . . was safely cosseted beneath the Abbey stones.' What is 'cosseted' doing here? And there are such lapses as 'What he had endured doubtless enthused him towards barber-surgery'; 'Much as one would try out a modern play'; and, in the very next sentence, 'It was a very different work to that which,' &c. Again, 'Walsh was a notorious thief from the productions of,' &c. And here is a dreadful sentence: 'How opposite to the Georgian principle, which, instead of respecting the dead, explored their faults in order to decorate oneself with virtue for having endured them.'

These faults are mentioned at the beginning of the review because they are the first things to strike any reader who has some feeling of respect for language. When we are hardened to Mr. Flower's little ways we find the book rich in interesting matter. Much of the material is new, and some is less new than Mr. Flower thinks it is. Thus, there was no need for him to make such a business of exposing the *Harmonious Blacksmith* fable. Hardly anybody has believed in it for a long time. And the important document of Frederic Bonnet concerning the real origin of the *Water Music* was translated and dealt with by Mr. Barclay Squire in a letter to the *Musical Times* of December, 1922.

In the chapter dealing with Handel's parents and relations, Mr. Flower is, I think, unduly hard on them for their respectability. After all, there is a good deal to be said for the man who works hard at his job and pays his way. Mr. Flower seems to imply that such old-fashioned virtues, especially if combined with religion, must end in meanness and hypocrisy. See his account of Valentine Handel: 'clean-trading,' 'rather ignorant,' 'unostentatious,' 'his financial affairs very simple, and arranged with a clear conscience that those for whom he had worked should never be troubled with any irritating annoyance about their heritage,' 'a very safe person . . . rather difficult to live with at times [who isn't?]' worthy of the elegant inscription they put upon his tomb.' Not a bad sort, you would say. But Mr. Flower sums him up as a person 'rather dour and sanctimonious,' apparently on no stronger grounds than his assiduity in business and his lack of the artistic temperament. One had hoped that this sort of cant was dead long ago. Many musicians are now useful citizens, monotonously solvent, and looking after their affairs with acuteness. And as for religion, there are men who carry it to such lengths as to be regular attendants at places of worship, and yet somehow remain quite decent chaps.

It is clear that Mr. Flower is less a musician than a journalist. No musician would have been guilty of the gushing page on an imaginary meeting between Bach and Handel:

What might have happened if these twain had met! Let the imagination still drift as it may in the space of a dream. Supposing that they had agreed to put into music the birth of the world. Bach, with his great chords, interpreting the wind rustling through trees, the birth of sound across an empty earth, the birth of rivers. Then Handel, with his sense of human life, putting into sound the first meeting of those stealthy figures in the garden, the clash of beauty, of sex, and the uprising of humanity. Then Bach following with the movement of growing things, the intangible burst of life, the flooding stream, the bird song, all Nature stirring into the accustomed order it was henceforth to know. Then Handel again, with his Cain, the flame at the gate . . .

I remember once reading in a book of advice to young journalists a sentence to this effect: 'When you have written a passage that strikes you as being fine, cut it out. Mr. Flower should have read his purple passages the morning after, with a cold and merciless eye.'

By-the-by, the allusion to Queen Victoria as having exclaimed, 'after an unpleasant incident with a subject, "we are not amused,"' rather misses the point. Wasn't the crushing remark made after a guest at the royal dinner table had rashly ventured on a joke? (I was not present, and speak only from hearsay.)

The strong point about this book is that from the welter of words there emerges a vivid picture of the man Handel. We have, too, a good deal of curious lore on contemporary matters. In fact, the book is a mine in which many a journalist will delve for years, and the variety of matter, made very much alive by the enthusiasm of the author, should ensure its popularity. There are many portraits and other illustrations, some of which have not been published before. Of special interest to the musician are the facsimiles of Handel's manuscripts, and, above all, that of a passage as written by Handel and transcribed by Christopher Smith. The able and faithful Smith well deserves a niche in the house of fame, and Mr. Flower does well to see that he gets it. Delightful, too, is the portrait of Gustavus Waltz, Handel's cook, 'who, possessed of a good tenor voice, sang in some of the composer's later productions.' This highly desirable domestic is shown playing the violoncello, and a hint is given as to his convivial habits by the clay pipes, paper of tobacco, bottle of wine, and foaming tankard on the table hard by. But if I start holding forth on the illustrations there will be no stopping for a long while. It will be safer to wind up by saying that with all its faults this is a volume as attractive as many a popular novel, and one to which the reader will return long after the novel is forgotten. H. G.

Les Violonistes Compositeurs et Virtuoses. By Marc Pincherle.

[Paris: Laurens.]

The chief merit of this substantial and interesting little volume is the balance struck between the history of the violin and of violin playing and the history of violin music. The author has read and studied much, and is an expert in the art of condensing. In size, his book is a primer; but in actual fact, it constitutes a valuable addition even to the library of the specialist—for M. Pincherle generally has something of his own to say on the music he mentions. His terse references to the works of composers such as Carlo Farina, a pioneer in imitative instrumental music whose ambitious efforts led to considerable extension of the technique current in his time; on Heinrich von Biber's fine Sonatas; on the difference between the written violin music of Lully's time and the way in which it was performed—to mention only a few points at random—are really useful. The modern period is treated more briefly, and perhaps somewhat perfunctorily, the reason given being that with Paganini's contribution the art of violin playing may be considered as having completed its evolution. Nowadays, M. Pincherle adds, new methods in harmony and instrumental writing lead to a curious result: the violin is no longer requested to assert its individuality, but tends to revert to its primitive condition, that of a treble

which not infrequently might be replaced by an oboe or a flute.

This perhaps is a slight exaggeration: the recent contributions to violin literature of, say, Bartók and Kodály show a very definite understanding of the instrument's idiosyncrasies. But it is quite true that the best composers of to-day no longer draw upon the commonplaces of virtuosity.

The book is carefully got up—so carefully that it comes as a shock to find that a misprint refers us to the twenty-four violins of King Louis XVII.

M.-D. C.

The Orchestral and Cinema Organist. A popular treatise on the use of the organ and harmonium in cinema, hotel, and other bands; with a simple introduction to the study of harmony. By P. Kevin Buckley.

[Hawkes & Son, 2s. 6d.]

This book should be in the possession of every one of the large number of musicians who, with no organ training behind them, find themselves called on to do the 'filling-in' on harmonium or organ at places where there are small and incomplete orchestras. One has only to attend an average cinema to be painfully aware that this important work is often done by players who know little of the construction or technique of the organ. The result is muddiness through bad registration, and lack of *sostenuto* owing to the player going to work more or less as a pianist. Moreover, we often hear mere 'vamping,' whereas real 'filling-in' is work that gives scope for art and musicianship, and so calls for good all-round knowledge of harmony. Mr. Buckley's chapter on harmony is necessarily a highly condensed affair. It cannot take the place of a primer, but a careful study of it should save inexperienced players from the worst forms of blunder. Mr. Buckley strongly condemns the practice of giving the organist a mere single part, such as a second violin part, from which to construct a harmonic background. If he had not told us that such things were done, we should have thought it incredible. The wonder is, not that so much cinema music is bad, but that it is not even worse. This thoroughly practical book is well written and well produced. H. G.

The 'Old Vic.' is in need of a few good leaders for the opera chorus. Applicants must have (a) good voices, (b) good memories, and (c) some experience in stage work. There are vacancies for sopranos, tenors, baritones, and basses—not mezzo-sopranos, nor (wonderful to relate) altos. Rehearsals for new members will take place on Monday and Tuesday evenings and alternate Saturdays. There are five performances per fortnight—Thursday and Saturday evenings, and a matinée on alternate Saturdays. The next season opens early in October, and will last for about thirty weeks. Pay will be according to ability. Here is a good example of the kind of work we alluded to recently in discussing the question of the half-timer or semi-amateur. There must be plenty of keen singers of the right type to whom such work would be highly interesting and enjoyable, and a congenial and not too exacting means of helping the domestic exchequer. If there be such among our readers, they should at once write to the manager of the 'Old Vic.,' Miss Lilian Baylis, Waterloo Road, S.E.1, and so try to do a good turn to that excellent institution and to themselves as well.

MUSIC PRINTING IN THE YEAR 1603

BY H. ELLIOT BUTTON

Great interest is being taken just now in Music of the Tudor and Stuart dynasties. Many are singing and playing, and more are hearing and enjoying, examples of surpassing beauty; but few know from whence we get this music—sacred, secular, and instrumental. People know, but only in a vague sort of way, that it comes from the British Museum or other libraries, so a detailed account of an example of this period may interest those who are unable to see and study the originals for themselves.

Herewith is a reduced facsimile of an open book (photographed by kind permission of the British Museum authorities) known as a 'table-book' or 'table-music,' so-called because the singers sat round the table and all sang from the same copy. It is called:

The Third and last booke of songs or aires by John Dowland, Bachelor in Musicke, and Lutenist to the most high and mightie Christian the fourth by the grace of God king of Denmark and Norway, &c. Printed at London by P. S.* for Thomas Adams, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Lion in Pauls Churchyard, by the assignment of a Patent granted to T. Morley. 1603.

The original is more than twice the size of the facsimile.

It will be noticed that the Cantus, Altus, and Tenor parts have a signature of one flat, but that the Bassus has two flats. The Tenor has as an accidental a flat to each E. The Altus has two flats marked in the same way. The Bassus has seven E's, six of which are flattened, so apparently the composer considered this part worthy of a two-flat signature. The Cantus E's are not flattened—presumably a printer's error.

The Tablature beneath the Cantus is for Lute, and both staves are barred, the intention, no doubt, being to help singer and accompanist to keep together. There are no bars in the other parts.

It is a curious fact that music for the Lute in Tablature was usually barred (sometimes in the rhythmic style of the present day), whereas voice-parts were seldom so treated.

The six horizontal lines of the Tablature represent six open strings of the Lute; the small letters represent the frets to be used. The lute in this case is tuned:



the lowest string, D, being indicated in the Tablature by leger lines only.

The small *a* denotes the open string, *b* a semitone higher than *a*, *c* a semitone

* Probably Peter Short, who printed Dowland's 'First booke of songs.'

XV. CANTVS.



Espe you no more fad fountaines, what need you

Howe so fad, looke how the snowe mountaines, beatus sunne doth gently waite. But my

funnes heauy-ly eyes view not your weeping. That none

lie sleeping ♩ softly ♩ now softly lies sleeping.

Sleepe is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sunne rise smiling,
When faire at eu'n he sets,
Rest you, then rest fad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping ♩ :
Softly ♩ now softly lies sleeping.

Transcription of the above

Weep — you no more, sad fount - ains,

Weep, weep — you no more, sad fount -

Weep you no more, no more, sad fount -

Weep you no more, sad fount - ains, What

Lute

ANTVS,

need you

heau my eyes view not you weeping, that now ly sleeping, softly :||

Look how the lowly mountaines heau his fan doth gentle waltz, but my fans my fans

Esop weeps you no more sad fountaines, what neede what neede you flow so fast,

fte. But my

B ASSVS.

Expect you no more sad fountains, what
need you flow what need you flow to fall look how the
flowy mountains lean in fun doeth gentle walle,
But my fun lean in y eyes view not view nor your
wee pinyd weeping what now lies sleeping fobly
fatly, now fatly now fatly liee sleeping

TENOR.

Eep you no more no more fad fountains, what need you flow fo fall look how the snow
mountanes, heau'ns fun doth gaily wait, but my furs heau'ly eyes, view not view not your
weeping, that now ly flee-ping, sleep-ping, y now ly sleep-ping softly now softly ly sleep-ping.

in modern notation—

ains, What need you flow so fast?
ount - ains, What need, what need you flow so fast?
ains, What need you flow so fast?
hat need you flow, what need you flow so fast?

above *b*, &c. The stems above the letters indicate the times of each note :

$1 = \circ \quad P = d \quad P = \bullet \quad P = \text{musical note}$

each sign obtaining until another is used. It will thus be seen that it is a fairly simple matter to transcribe music in Tablature in modern notation in such a way as to be suitable for a pianist. Such a transcription has been made in this case, and is printed beneath the facsimile. The whole song was published in the *Musical Times* of March, 1918 (*M.T.*, No. 901).

It would be interesting to know if the composer was also the writer of the words—words that have become so popular and that have appealed to so many composers since Dowland first set them to music.

Over the second line of the Cantus a small sign can be seen where occur the words: 'But my sun's heavenly eyes.' This sign indicates the point from which a repeat has to be made.

The dedication is subjoined. Its somewhat grovelling tone is in the style of the period; but it must be remembered that but for the help of such Patrons the writing and printing of a vast amount of beautiful music would have been impossible:

To my honorable good friend

JOHN SOUCH, ESQUIRE.

for many curtesies for which I imbolden
my selfe, presuming of his good fauour,
to present this simple worke, as a token
of my thankfulnes.

The estimation and kindness which I have euer bountifullie receiued from your fauour haue moued me to present this noueltie of musicke to you, who of al others are fittest to iudge of it, and wortheist out of your loue to protect it. If I gaue life to these, you gaue spirit to me; for it is alwaies the worthy respect of others that makes arte prosper in itselfe. That I may therefore profess, and make manifest to the world both your singular affection to me, and my gratefull minde in my weak ability to you, I haue prefixt your honourable name, as a bulwark of safetie, and a title of grace, thinking myselfe no way able to deserue your fauours more, then by farther engag my selfe to you for this your noble presumed patronage. He that haue acknowledged a fauour, they say, hath halfe repaied it: and if such payment may passe for currant, I shall be euer readie to grow the one halfe out of your debt, though how that should be I knowe not, since, I owe my selfe (and more, if it were possible) vnto you. Accept me wholly then I beseech you, in what teares you please, being euer in my uttermost seruice.

Devoted to your Honours Kindnesse,

JOHN DOWLAND.

WOTAN THE VICTORIAN

BY RICHARD CAPELL

Cymbeline, as played the other day at Birmingham in 1923 costumes, with Posthumus in a tweed-suit, Imogen in a knitted 'jumper,' the soldiers in khaki and 'tin hats,' and so on, was a spectacle one regrets to have missed, for the suspicion has long been growing that elaborate displays of archaic millinery are too often a veil for a play's emptiness of humanity or for insipid, characterless acting. And we have all long since been bored with the historical novel that makes an impossible pretence of reviving dead and buried years with archæology's creaking aid. The life of such compositions must really of course be contemporary life, and the rest is fancy dress. Whoever thinks of any creature of Scott as being anything but early 19th century, saving a few who are of the late 18th? Shakespeare, it would be impious to doubt, stood the test at Birmingham. He, who of all men cared most for men, cared less than anybody for the rigours of pedantry. He probably cared little or nothing for fancy dress, and no doubt we wilfully put barriers between us and his rich humanity in the precisely archæological prettiness of our modern representations.

To come to Wagner, we find that very different bird, a professional romanticist—that is to say, one who ekes out the inexactitude and the poverty of his humanity by placing it a long way off, and a long time ago. The Irish poet's play about the two lovers on the rudderless ship, who came from nowhere particularly and didn't care where they went, is, we conceive, the last word of that art.

But while there admittedly are among Wagner's personages more clothes-horses than persons, it appears to me unfair to deny his dramas all human quality. Wolfram, for instance, seems a real prig, and presented with a thought more of humour would have been a memorable one. When quite alone with Tannhäuser—in the smoking-room, so to speak—he persists in talking as though ladies or clergymen were present. There is matter for comedy here. A character in Wagner one often hears excessively disparaged is Wotan. But there are elements to justify our holding him a first-rate example of a living creation obscured by his author's romantic passion for antiquated clothes. I venture to think that not until something of the Birmingham treatment of *Cymbeline* is applied to Wotan will the reality of the old god, or panjandrum, be generally perceived.

Under all the pinchbeck mythological furniture there is surely here a very actual person, an Early- or Middle-Victorian *paterfamilias*, somewhat clumsily portrayed, yet with sincere fidelity, true to type, while at the same time distinctly individual. Wotan is handicapped with a costume more ill-fitting than that donned by Leech's Mr. Briggs when he followed the Queen and Prince Albert to the Highlands. Wotan should have a wardrobe as decent and ample as that of Mr. Dombey or Sir Austin Feverel, and we should see him as he was.

His were pre-eminently the palmy days of tyrannical fathers of families, particularly fathers of numerous unmarried daughters; and Wagner was as struck by the phenomenon as our English novelists of the time. Wotan's powers in the family circle were hardly questioned, and no doubt of their legitimacy ever crossed his mind. No such person as Samuel Butler entered his dreams, and his rage if he had

chanced upon so subversive a book as *The Way of all Flesh* would have equalled anything in *Die Walküre*. Even his genuinely affectionate daughters had to admit their father's hastiness of temper. Indeed, it was violent, and when at home he never made the least attempt to curb it. Away from home he could behave himself moderately well. But with all those daughters waiting on him hand and foot—poor dears, they were all unmarried, and depended on him for every penny of their pin-money; he even made them serve at table—he was absurdly spoilt.

He was convinced of the inferiority of women, and grossly bullied those girls—quite nice girls, not clever, of course, but sensible, and rather handsome in a heavy style. And yet this domestic tyrant hadn't it all his own way: for the Victorian woman managed after her fashion, and if her father bullied her she (according to Thackeray and *Punch*) henpecked her husband. Wotan, that influential magnate, who was so respected in the City, and had built himself a most commodious and imposing residence up near the new Crystal Palace, privately was lamentably henpecked!

That there were amiable elements in the old humbug's nature is vouched for by the sincere attachment of his daughter Brünnhilde. She was a typical girl of her period. She was fair, and already stout many years before her marriage, although she took ample riding exercise. In character she was both stolid and affectionate. She had sufficient experience of her father's outbursts to take them complacently enough, though after the enormous tirade in Act 2 of *Die Walküre* she was driven to exclaim reflectively, 'Poor, dear papa—I have seen him a little hasty at different times but really have never known him quite so upset as this afternoon!' Beneath Brünnhilde's placidness we recognise a useful tenaciousness. Slow as her imagination was to move, she realised at last that escape from the paternal roof was desirable. Marriage in those days was the one career for such a girl, and the restricted social relations of the family and also Wotan's jealous egotism (Brünnhilde acted as his secretary, butler, and general fag), made it appear a hopeless goal. This large and mild maiden, who may be seen often depicted in Mr. Leech's drawings of the 1850's, was not for a moment deterred from accepting the only suitor who presented himself, by an obstacle (a question of consanguinity) which would probably cause even the 'emancipated' girl of later generations to pause twice and thrice.

Again we recall the ageing Wotan's pleasing sympathy with his rather loutish young grandson Siegfried. The charitable will not fail to be touched by his unfeigned joy in the youngster's exploits in big game hunting. Blind to Siegfried's failings, he cherishes a pathetic hope that the young man will retrieve the family fortunes. But Siegfried was distinguished only for animal courage and a propensity to philandering. He had no business inclination. He died by violence in some obscure brawl—by a curious coincidence on the very night of the crash of his grandfather's old firm, Wallhall & Co., once a power in the land. The cause was the serious Westphalian inundations of that year, complicated by the burning down of Wotan's own mansion—which at the time was suggested to have been fired deliberately, although it was not insured.

In sum we feel Wotan—deluding and self-deluded, a crafty and a naïve character, a typical captain of

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industry of the earlier 19th century, an ill-bred man of more force of will than superiority of character—to be a personage of comedy in the manner of Dickens or Thackeray; perhaps, seeing the misfortunes of his declining years, of a comedy with a sentimental vein. It seems a pity that Wotan missed both those admirable pens, the more so as a great deal of Wagner's most magnificent music would then have been free to be used on a more heroic subject.

Music in the Foreign Press

By M.-D. CALVOCORESSI

'DIE MUSIK' REAPPEARS

Die Musik, an old and long-regretted friend, reappears under the auspices of the Stuttgart Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, which has joined forces with the quondam publishers, Schuster & Loeffler. It is, as of yore, the most substantial and most interesting of musical journals published in Germany.

In the March issue Robert Hernried offers a contribution to the problem why consecutive fifths should remain forbidden in principle. His conclusion is that two consecutive fifths create an impression of contrast, and should be used only for that purpose.

Kurt Singer writes on Brückner's Church Music, Alexander Jemnitz on 'Dilettantism,' Karl Zuschneid on 'New Methods in Musical Education' (after Leo Kesterberg's *Musikpflege und Musik-Unterricht*), and Karl Grunsky on 'The Question of Form in Wagner's Works.'

In the April issue Ernst Viebig writes on Alban Berg's opera *Wozzeck*, which, in respect of style, he describes as derived straight from Schreker's *Der Ferne Klang*:

It consists of fifteen scenes from Georg Büchner's *Wozzeck*, and the music of each Act is written in purely musical form. That of the first Act consists of a Suite, a Rhapsody, a March, a Passacaglia with twenty-one variations, and an Andante; that of the second, of a Symphony in five movements; and that of the third, of six Inventions, the fifth being an instrumental interlude. The work cannot live, but may point towards new regions. It is an achievement in so far as it embodies an idea, provides incentives, and sets new goals.

QUARTER-TONES

In the same issue, Richard H. Stein (a believer in the future of quarter-tones and other small intervals) points out that far from encouraging a tendency towards discords, quarter-tones provide new possibilities of writing music in consonances only. He thinks that thirds of a tone, as once advocated by Busoni, are not likely to be adopted.

In the *Neue Musik Zeitung* (June) Willi Möllendorff describes how in January, 1917, he introduced quarter-tones to a Berlin audience, using a specially-constructed harmonium. This instrument was included in the score of Karl Bleyle's tone-poem, *Der Taucher*, and Möllendorff shortly afterwards published his *Five little Pieces* for it. Wishnegradsky and Haba followed his lead in employing quarter-tones. He analyses the two composers' contributions, and concludes:

Quarter-tone music is making headway, and will eventually take its place, not as a foe of diatonic and chromatic music, but as its complement and help-mate.

AUSTRIAN COMPOSERS

The May issue of the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* contains articles on Mahler's works and influence by P. Stefan and Mengelberg, on Schönberg's *Gurrelieder* by Jalowetz, on Schreker's recent works by R. St. Hoffmann, and on Zemlinsky by F. Adler.

Heinrich Kaminski devotes a few paragraphs to his *Concerto Grosso*, explaining the spirit in which he wrote it.

BEETHOVEN'S MUSICAL IDIOM

In *Le Monde Musical* (April-May) E. Marchand, under the title 'Essai d'interprétation d'une Sonate de Beethoven,' attempts to analyse Beethoven's idiom very much in the same way as Schweitzer and Pirro analyse Bach's. He shows that the 'Farewell' motive in Op. 81a recurs in the first song of the set *An die entfernte Geliebte*, and also in *Fidelio*, when Florestan regrets the joys long fled. He also sees it in the *Moonlight Sonata*, which he analyses with the usual references to Giulietta Guicciardi and to the Heiligenstadt will. He considers that the origin and exact significance of certain of Beethoven's motives should be sought in the music of Bach, Peter Schutz, Handel, Schubart, and other older masters.

PEDRELL'S LETTERS

In the *Revista Musical Catalana* (April-May) J. R. Carreras publishes letters which he received from Felipe Pedrell. Most of these refer either to Pedrell's investigation of early Spanish music or to his own compositions.

POLYTONALITY

In *La Belgique Musicale* (April 30) Joseph Ryelandt, referring to Milhaud's article on Polytonality in the *Revue Musicale* (see *Musical Times*, June, p. 403), writes:

It is unlikely that the ear will ever be able to deal simultaneously with music written in several different keys. The sole principle which enables us to follow tunes combined is precisely the tonal principle. Nothing but a purely mental operation will enable us to discover unity of purpose in combinations of several keys. Atonality is not altogether in the same boat. It is not necessarily harsh, and it may be quite charming—as with Debussy. But its functions are very restricted, and in all likelihood music will remain tonal.

A PROTEST AGAINST BROADCASTING

Le Canada Musical (May 19) reproduces a message to the *New York Times* stating that on May 11, at the Salle Gaveau (Paris), Georges de Launay and his orchestra refused to commence operations unless the wireless transmitter in the hall was taken away. The proceeds of the concert, M. de Launay said, were to go to a charity; and many of his own friends had declared the intention to hear the music at home instead of buying tickets.

Curiously enough, the French musical press has no remarks to offer on the matter.

BRITISH MUSIC AS SEEN BY ITALIAN WRITERS

In *Musica d' Oggi* (April) Guido M. Gatti retraces his impressions of contemporary British music:

Italy knows far too little of British music. Even of Elgar's output, nothing more recent than the *Enigma Variations* is known here. The London correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera* wrote of late that 'Certain Englishmen cannot bring themselves to admit the superiority of foreign music, and the incapacity (for the

time being) of English genius to create music of any real value.' This leads one to suspect that the writer is unacquainted with British music which is nowadays no less characteristically British than the music of French or Italian composers is characteristically French and Italian. Goossens's *Eternal Rhythm*, Vaughan Williams's *London Symphony*, Bax's *Carols*, Frank Bridge's and Herbert Howells's chamber music, Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*, and Bliss's *Rhapsody* are given as instances.

In *La Critica Musicale* (new series, No. 2-3) Giulio Confalonieri devotes an article to Holst:

Whether we like his music or not, we must agree that he is 'above the turmoil' and that his individuality yields to no alien influence. Of paramount importance in his formation was the tradition of choral and polyphonic style preserved in England. A genuine and deep mysticism informs his work.

The Funereal Hymn (Op. 26), the *Hymn of Jesus*, and, in *The Planets*, 'Mars' and 'Venus,' are specially praised.

Occasional Notes

More than ordinary importance attaches to Mr. H. Elliot Button's edition of Edwards's *In going to my lonely bed*, which appears in the present issue of the *Musical Times*. Few madrigals have suffered more from corrupt editions, and the circumstances that have enabled Mr. Button to prepare his version are of sufficient interest to deserve a few words. Looked at side by side with his article on page 472, they will enable the reader to understand the difficulties that lie in the path of those who are now doing such fine work in rescuing from oblivion the music of our Tudor composers. The earliest known copy of Edwards's famous madrigal, and the one from which past editors have apparently worked, appears to be that in Mulliner's *Organ Book* (circa 1560), where it is given as an organ piece, with no text, and only the title. The transcriber of the work from the parts to the organ version naturally made certain slight changes. Thus a couple of repeated crotchets in the original became a minim in the organ version, and when two voice parts coincided or crossed, the individuality of the parts was not preserved. These slight alterations have of course made it necessary for editors to use their discretion in re-casting the work for voices. How different are the ways of treating a simple passage is shown by the following quotations. Here is the opening tenor phrase, given in Oliphant's edition as:



And here is the tenor lead, as it appears in the recent edition of Dr. Fellowes:



The opening phrase of the treble part is:



The real outline of the theme is that shown in the treble, as can be seen by a glance at the beginning of

the bass. The two outer parts may be taken as guides, because they were less liable to alteration in the process of organ transcription. As a piece of imitative writing, both the above tenor parts are lacking. Still, we cannot blame editors, seeing that they had merely an organ version to work from. Fortunately Mr. Button recently discovered manuscript copies (circa 1597) of the tenor and bass parts of the madrigal, and from these has been able so to reconstruct the voice parts as to make the imitation much closer, and the rhythm much more interesting. Here, for instance, is Mr. Button's version of the opening tenor phrase:



We give a further quotation, again from the tenor (a) being that of Dr. Fellowes's edition, and (b) that given by Mr. Button:



The version at (b) is not only more interesting rhythmically and melodically, but it has the further merit of starting an imitative passage which the other parts take up fairly closely. Readers who have (say) the edition of Oliphant will find it well worth their while to compare it, bar by bar, with Mr. Button's version. They will find that although the harmony is practically identical (not always, for Oliphant was not above slightly 'improving' Edwards) the polyphony is in many bars by no means the same. The difference in interest and effect will be obvious to any reader who looks at the various editions with the eye of a choralist.

We read with interest Mr. Arnold Bennett's notice of *The Perfect Fool* in the new monthly magazine, *The Adelphi*. Mr. Bennett, like a good many more of us, thinks the music is far and away better than the libretto. After complaining of the production and the ballet (the music of the latter he found 'adorable'), he goes on:

The evening might have safely survived these drawbacks, if Holst had been well served by himself. He was not. I should be buried for ever in ridicule if I announced: 'I will write the libretto of an opera, and as I have my notions about music I may as well write the music too.' Yet this, *mutatis mutandis*, is almost what Holst did. He has, of course, the general intelligence of a fine creative artist, but when it comes to the point he is a mere amateur at libretto writing. (He is worse even than the Wagner who committed the libretto of *The Twilight of the Gods*.) He simply does not possess the sense of words. He knows what is funny in life, but he does not know what is funny on the stage. He doubtless feels humorous and means to be humorous, but he cannot 'get it over.'

Without expressing any view on the libretto of *The Perfect Fool*, we think that Mr. Bennett does a good deal less than justice to Holst as a librettist. Are the texts of the *Rig Veda Hymns* and *Savitri* the work of one who 'simply does not possess the

of words? And we remember reading a year or two ago an article in a magazine (we forget its name), in which a musical subject (also forgotten) was treated in an extremely readable and convincing manner. The article was by Holst.

We think Mr. Bennett strains a point in suggesting that Holst, in deciding to be his own librettist, was pretty much like Mr. Bennett writing a libretto and then going on to set it to music. The analogy is weak, because, so far as is publicly known, Mr. Bennett has never written a bar of music; on the other hand, Holst years ago wrote or translated the texts of fairly long works. And whereas a lot of special knowledge and training go to the composition of an opera, a good libretto, like a good play, may be turned out by anybody with a ready pen, a sense of humour, and some knowledge of stage requirements. The medium—language—is in everybody's possession, but comparatively few people have more than a trifle of the musical knowledge necessary for the production of a vocal and orchestral score.

There can be no doubt that many people hardly know how to take *The Perfect Fool*. Is it a parody on operatic conventions, or a mere musical entertainment with no *arrière-pensée*? Far be it from us to make a pronouncement. We will only say (hoping that we are not betraying confidences) that a friend of ours pointed out to Holst that on page 68 of the vocal score the Shepherd describes the flocks and herds as going by in a mad rush, and on page 73 the oxen are said to be 'idly grazing.'

'Well,' said Holst, 'Isn't that the sort of thing they do sing?' If there is a cue here, we make readers a present of it.

However, if the libretto is a really vital constituent of an opera, this one of Holst's cannot be so bad as Mr. Bennett says, for he ends his notice thus:

Nevertheless, the British National Opera Company did well to produce *The Perfect Fool*, and has thereby acquired merit. *The Perfect Fool* is incomparably the best modern British opera. So there you are, and you are requested to make what you can of the situation.

We are glad to hear that the difficulties in the way of the League of Arts entertainments in Hyde Park have now been removed by the Chief Commissioner of Works. The League will have opened its season by the time this journal appears—on June 23 with a concert of traditional English music by the League Choir (conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Shaw), and dances; on the 30th with a Pageant of Dancing, national, classical, and mime, by the Mayfair School of Dancing. The programmes for the Saturdays in July are—July 7, Scenes from *The Tempest*, with music by Purcell, Arne, and Sullivan; 14th, to be announced later; 21st and 28th, *Fools and Fairies*, adapted from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Percy A. Scholes, music by Martin Shaw, and produced by Arthur C. Chapman.

These entertainments are free, as in the past, but in order to meet the expenses (which work out at about £50 each show) programmes will be sold at two shillings each to those occupying seats in the enclosure, the programmes outside costing threepence each. The public were so indignant at the threatened stoppage of these delightful entertainments that we may reasonably hope to see them showing their sense of the League's good work by a liberal buying of those two-shilling programmes. It may be worth while reminding readers that all concerned, from choir and orchestra to stewards, give their services.

Few of those who founded the League of Arts at the end of 1918 dared to hope that the organization would become, as it has, a well established and popular means of providing thousands of Londoners weekly with entertainments of a unique type. Dr. Dearmer and his colleagues are to be congratulated on the successful result of their struggle with officialdom and red tape.

The English Folk-Dance Society announces a Festival of Song and Dance, under the direction of Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, to take place at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, during the week beginning July 2. Matinées will be on Thursday and Saturday at 2.30; the evening performances will begin at 8. Four different programmes will be presented. As usual, the musical side will be an important feature. Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse will play folk-music on the harpsichord, Mr. Clive Carey will sing folk-songs, a party of children will give singing games and dances, and the Oriana Madrigal Society will sing folk-song arrangements.

The Society's Summer School of Folk Song and Dance will take place at Aldeburgh from August 4 to August 25. As the School can accommodate only a limited number per week, intending members should make early application to the secretary, Mr. Bertram Gavin, 7, Sicilian House, Sicilian Road, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

Apropos of the Folk Dance Society, we note with pleasure that the director, Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, has just received the honorary degree of Master of Music at Cambridge.

The Festival of Modern Chamber Music, arranged by the International Society for Contemporary Music, will take place at Salzburg on August 2-7 (not on August 8-14, the date previously fixed). There will be a concert on each day at the Mozarteum. Thirty-four composers will be represented, the British works being Arthur Bliss's *Rhapsody*, W. T. Walton's String Quartet, and Lord Berners's *Valses Bourgeoises*. The prices of tickets, based on the value of the Swiss franc, will be announced shortly, together with the names of the agents.

A concert worth noting both for its object and its musical importance takes place at Queen's Hall on the evening of July 3. Two important new works will be produced—a Violoncello Concerto by Delius, and Bax's tone-poem *The Happy Forest*. Miss Harrison will be the soloist in the Delius work, and will also play Elgar's Violoncello Concerto, which will be conducted by the composer. Mr. Eugène Goossens, who is bringing his own orchestra, will conduct the rest of the programme. This attractive concert is in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children.

The Novello Choir has vacancies for a few new members, especially altos and tenors. Next season the choir will make a point of singing unaccompanied works, chiefly for eight parts (double choir). The secretary is Mr. H. A. Griffith, the Novello Works, Hollen Street, W.1.

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The Funereal Hymn (Op. 26), the *Hymn of Jesus*, and, in *The Planets*, 'Mars' and 'Venus,' are specially praised.

Occasional Notes

More than ordinary importance attaches to Mr. H. Elliot Button's edition of Edwards's *In going to my lonely bed*, which appears in the present issue of the *Musical Times*. Few madrigals have suffered more from corrupt editions, and the circumstances that have enabled Mr. Button to prepare his version are of sufficient interest to deserve a few words. Looked at side by side with his article on page 472, they will enable the reader to understand the difficulties that lie in the path of those who are now doing such fine work in rescuing from oblivion the music of our Tudor composers. The earliest known copy of Edwards's famous madrigal, and the one from which past editors have apparently worked, appears to be that in Mulliner's *Organ Book* (circa 1560), where it is given as an organ piece, with no text, and only the title. The transcriber of the work from the parts to the organ version naturally made certain slight changes. Thus a couple of repeated crotchets in the original became a minim in the organ version, and when two voice parts coincided or crossed, the individuality of the parts was not preserved. These slight alterations have of course made it necessary for editors to use their discretion in re-casting the work for voices. How different are the ways of treating a simple passage is shown by the following quotations. Here is the opening tenor phrase, given in Oliphant's edition as:



And here is the tenor lead, as it appears in the recent edition of Dr. Fellowes:



The opening phrase of the treble part is:



The real outline of the theme is that shown in the treble, as can be seen by a glance at the beginning of

the bass. The two outer parts may be taken as guides, because they were less liable to alteration in the process of organ transcription. As a piece of imitative writing, both the above tenor parts are lacking. Still, we cannot blame editors, seeing that they had merely an organ version to work from. Fortunately Mr. Button recently discovered manuscript copies (circa 1597) of the tenor and bass parts of the madrigal, and from these has been able so to reconstruct the voice parts as to make the imitation much closer, and the rhythm more interesting. Here, for instance, is Mr. Button's version of the opening tenor phrase:



We give a further quotation, again from the tenor (a) being that of Dr. Fellowes's edition, and that given by Mr. Button:



The version at (b) is not only more interesting rhythmically and melodically, but it has the further merit of starting an imitative passage which the other parts take up fairly closely. Readers who have (say) the edition of Oliphant will find it well worth their while to compare it, bar by bar, with Mr. Button's version. They will find that although the harmony is practically identical (not always, for Oliphant was not above slightly 'improving' Edwards) the polyphony is in many bars by no means the same. The difference in interest and effect will be obvious to any reader who looks at the various editions with the eye of a choralist.

We read with interest Mr. Arnold Bennett's notice of *The Perfect Fool* in the new monthly magazine, *The Adelphi*. Mr. Bennett, like a good many more of us, thinks the music is far and away better than the libretto. After complaining of the production and the ballet (the music of the latter he found 'adorable'), he goes on:

The evening might have safely survived these drawbacks, if Holst had been well served by himself. He was not. I should be buried for ever in ridicule if I announced: 'I will write the libretto of an opera, and as I have my notions about music I may as well write the music too.' Yet this, *mutatis mutandis*, is almost what Holst did. He has, of course, the general intelligence of a fine creative artist, but when it comes to the point he is a mere amateur at libretto writing. (He is worse even than the Wagner who committed the libretto of *The Twilight of the Gods*.) He simply does not possess the sense of words. He knows what is funny in life, but he does not know what is funny on the stage. He doubtless feels humorous and means to be humorous, but he cannot 'get it over.'

Without expressing any view on the libretto of *The Perfect Fool*, we think that Mr. Bennett does a good deal less than justice to Holst as a librettist. Are the texts of the *Rig Veda Hymns* and *Savitri* the work of one who 'simply does not possess the sense

of words?" And we remember reading a year or two ago an article in a magazine (we forget its name) in which a musical subject (also forgotten) was treated in an extremely readable and convincing manner. The article was by Holst.

We think Mr. Bennett strains a point in suggesting that Holst, in deciding to be his own librettist, was pretty much like Mr. Bennett writing a libretto and then going on to set it to music. The analogy is weak, because, so far as is publicly known, Mr. Bennett has never written a bar of music; on the other hand, Holst years ago wrote or translated the texts of fairly long works. And whereas a lot of special knowledge and training go to the composition of an opera, a good libretto, like a good play, may be turned out by anybody with a ready pen, a sense of humour, and some knowledge of stage requirements. The medium—language—is in everybody's possession, but comparatively few people have more than a trifle of the musical knowledge necessary for the production of a vocal and orchestral score.

There can be no doubt that many people hardly know how to take *The Perfect Fool*. Is it a parody on operatic conventions, or a mere musical entertainment with no *arrière-pensée*? Far be it from us to make a pronouncement. We will only say (hoping that we are not betraying confidences) that a friend of ours pointed out to Holst that on page 68 of the vocal score the Shepherd describes the flocks and herds as going by in a mad rush, and on page 73 the oxen are said to be 'idly grazing.'

'Well,' said Holst, 'Isn't that the sort of thing they do sing?' If there is a cue here, we make readers a present of it.

However, if the libretto is a really vital constituent of an opera, this one of Holst's cannot be so bad as Mr. Bennett says, for he ends his notice thus:

Nevertheless, the British National Opera Company did well to produce *The Perfect Fool*, and has thereby acquired merit. *The Perfect Fool* is incomparably the best modern British opera. So there you are, and you are requested to make what you can of the situation.

We are glad to hear that the difficulties in the way of the League of Arts entertainments in Hyde Park have now been removed by the Chief Commissioner of Works. The League will have opened its season by the time this journal appears—on June 23 with a concert of traditional English music by the League Choir (conducted by Mr. Geoffrey Shaw), and dances; on the 30th with a Pageant of Dancing, national, classical, and mime, by the Mayfair School of Dancing. The programmes for the Saturdays in July are—July 7, Scenes from *The Tempest*, with music by Purcell, Arne, and Sullivan; 14th, to be announced later; 21st and 28th, *Fools and Fairies*, adapted from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Percy A. Scholes, music by Martin Shaw, and produced by Arthur C. Chapman.

These entertainments are free, as in the past, but in order to meet the expenses (which work out at about £50 each show) programmes will be sold at two shillings each to those occupying seats in the enclosure, the programmes outside costing threepence each. The public were so indignant at the threatened stoppage of these delightful entertainments that we may reasonably hope to see them showing their sense of the League's good work by a liberal buying of those two-shilling programmes. It may be worth while reminding readers that all concerned, from choir and orchestra to stewards, give their services.

Few of those who founded the League of Arts at the end of 1918 dared to hope that the organization would become, as it has, a well established and popular means of providing thousands of Londoners weekly with entertainments of a unique type. Dr. Dearmer and his colleagues are to be congratulated on the successful result of their struggle with officialdom and red tape.

The English Folk-Dance Society announces a Festival of Song and Dance, under the direction of Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, to take place at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, during the week beginning July 2. Matinées will be on Thursday and Saturday at 2.30; the evening performances will begin at 8. Four different programmes will be presented. As usual, the musical side will be an important feature. Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse will play folk-music on the harpsichord, Mr. Clive Carey will sing folk-songs, a party of children will give singing games and dances, and the Oriana Madrigal Society will sing folk-song arrangements.

The Society's Summer School of Folk Song and Dance will take place at Aldeburgh from August 4 to August 25. As the School can accommodate only a limited number per week, intending members should make early application to the secretary, Mr. Bertram Gavin, 7, Sicilian House, Sicilian Road, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

Apropos of the Folk Dance Society, we note with pleasure that the director, Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, has just received the honorary degree of Master of Music at Cambridge.

The Festival of Modern Chamber Music, arranged by the International Society for Contemporary Music, will take place at Salzburg on August 2-7 (not on August 8-14, the date previously fixed). There will be a concert on each day at the Mozarteum. Thirty-four composers will be represented, the British works being Arthur Bliss's *Rhapsody*, W. T. Walton's String Quartet, and Lord Berners's *Valse Bourgeoise*. The prices of tickets, based on the value of the Swiss franc, will be announced shortly, together with the names of the agents.

A concert worth noting both for its object and its musical importance takes place at Queen's Hall on the evening of July 3. Two important new works will be produced—a Violoncello Concerto by Delius, and Bax's tone-poem *The Happy Forest*. Miss Harrison will be the soloist in the Delius work, and will also play Elgar's Violoncello Concerto, which will be conducted by the composer. Mr. Eugène Goossens, who is bringing his own orchestra, will conduct the rest of the programme. This attractive concert is in aid of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children.

The Novello Choir has vacancies for a few new members, especially altos and tenors. Next season the choir will make a point of singing unaccompanied works, chiefly for eight parts (double choir). The secretary is Mr. H. A. Griffith, the Novello Works, Hollen Street, W.1.

New Music

SCORES

Adam Carse's *The Merry Milkmaids* is a pleasant treatment of an old English dance tune. (Isn't the original title *The Milkmaids' Song*? If so, it was a pity to change it to one suggestive of a Gaiety production.) The work is scored for full modern orchestra. A wiser course would have been to make more modest demands, or to arrange for some of the wind and percussion to be *ad lib.* The piece is too slight to be taken up by our big orchestras, whereas there are plenty of amateur combinations that need such music (Augener).

Sir Henry Wood has arranged Purcell's *Trumpet Voluntary* for three trumpets, three trombones, timpani, side-drum, and organ. Sir Henry holds back the Great organ reeds until the final phrase. Perhaps even here nothing but diapasons would be better. But he calls for full Swell from the start; where the Swell is powerful it would surely be better to use diapasons and mixtures only. The organ reeds as an accompaniment to brass are generally a mistake. When the organ is used in combination with the orchestra one rarely wants anything but diapason tone. Apropos of this, I wish Sir Henry would issue a stern decree that at Queen's Hall whoever is playing the organ should refrain from the use of string-tones stops and reeds when accompanying the strings. There is some delightful soft flue work on the Queen's Hall organ, but we rarely hear it. This stirring little piece is published by Murdoch. From the same house comes *Suite No. 6*, for orchestra, arranged by Sir Henry Wood from works by Bach. The music is mostly familiar—the C sharp major Prelude from Book 1 of the *Forty-Eight* (transposed to D), the *Scherzo* from the A minor Partita, the D minor *Gavotte* and *Musette*, the B flat minor *Prelude* from Book I. of the *Forty-Eight*, a quiet movement that, for the moment, I cannot place, and, by way of *Finale*, the brilliant Symphony to the cantata *Wir danken dir*, here transposed to E. The Suite has already been heard at Queen's Hall, and will no doubt delight us again and again.

Two pianoforte and vocal scores of operatic works have been received—*La morte delle maschere*, being Part 1 of *L'Orfeide*, by Malipiero, and Holst's *Savitri*. They present the greatest possible contrast. Malipiero's music is of the type about which one hesitates to express an opinion without a hearing; Holst's is so slight and transparent that the reviewer is able to lean back in his chair and take it in with ease. A beautiful little work it is. Both these scores come from Chester. H. G.

SONGS

The revival of our old song writers goes on at such a rate that the material cannot be given the space it deserves. From Winthrop Rogers come two books of songs from Phillip Rosseter's *Book of Airs, 1601*, edited by Dr. Fellowes; from Enoch, Robert Jones's *The Muses' Garden of Delights, 1610*, edited by Peter Warlock. Rosseter was no doubt the greater song writer of the two, yet it is probable that Jones, with his light touch and saucy humour, may well turn out to be a more popular revival to-day. Both collections are admirably done, though the editorial methods differ. Dr. Fellowes gives two versions of each song, one an exact transcription of the original tablature, the

other a slight amplification for the pianoforte. A good practical point in regard to the two versions is that when the original is in a high key the second arrangement is in a low one, and *vice versa*—a great convenience to singers. Mr. Warlock, holding the view that what the composer wrote is good enough, gives only an exact reproduction of the original lute part. There is much to be said for both methods, though a good deal depends on the style of the composer. For example, one feels that these songs of Jones, with their almost invariable high rate of speed and humorous style, are best served by the slender accompaniments. The addition of even a few passing-notes or contrapuntal parts would merely hamper them. It is to be hoped that these delightful collections of rare old music are receiving the support they deserve.

Six Shakespeare Songs, by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (Chester) are of first-rate interest. They are in two sets of three: *Come away, Death! Tell me where is fancy bred*, and *You spotted snakes*; and the three familiar songs from *As You Like It*—*Under the greenwood tree*, *Blow, blow thou winter wind*, and *It was a lover and his lass*. There is far more frank tune than one expects from a member of the New Italian school, though the tune has often little apparent connection with the harmony. Strange and delightful things are done over an inverted pedal point in *Come away, Death!* bell effects play an important part in *Tell me where is fancy bred*; there are *ad lib.* parts for triangle and female chorus in *You spotted snakes*; *Under the greenwood tree* is practically a string of softly jangling sevenths with suggestions of the cuckoo; the setting of *Blow, blow* has a more bitter flavour than our own composers give it, and the winter wind does not brace and stimulate, being of the moaning sort that gets into your bones. It is graphically suggested by quiet, rapid passages in the accompaniment, largely in fifths, *pp*, *triste e monotone*, with a cuckoo call thrown up at intervals. The refrain, 'This life is most jolly,' sounds satirical, and even the cuckoo-call has a touch of liver. This setting is not Shakespearean, but it is a striking piece of work and a welcome relief from some of our native versions, which fuss and bluster without saying much. *It was a lover and his lass* has a capital tune, and a pianoforte part that will delight good players. A really engaging set of songs, full of character.

Herbert Howells's *O my dear heart* is a setting of an antique cradle-song carol, in which the rocking is suggested by unconventional means. The harmony is chiefly modal. It would have been well to provide a modernised version of the words. The same composer's *King David* is a long song, calling for a resourceful singer and player. The poem is by Walter de la Mare, and its imaginative quality is well reflected in the music. I have seen nothing of Howells's in the way of song-writing that has struck me more. Both these songs are published by Winthrop Rogers.

Just now our composers are tumbling over one another in their haste to set the 16th-century *Hey nonny no!* The latest essay is by Arthur Benjamin, who makes a rattling thing of it, with plenty of pace and the right touch of grimness (Curwen). Harold Rutland's *To the Moon* leaves me doubtful. There is skill and fancy in the delicate accompaniment, but some of the harmony is unconvincing. Surely the G's in the bass of bars 6 and 7 should be natural? One never knows in these days of strange goings on.

Anyway, the passage as it stands jars horribly (Curwen).

Two songs by Muriel Herbert—*Beauty* and *Renouncement*—show the composer leaning at one moment towards the ballad of commerce and the next flying at a higher mark. When she does the latter, as in *Renouncement*, she is not always in complete and easy control of her material, and there is too much point-to-point setting, with a patchy result. In *Glyciné's Song* Percy Judd deals lightly and attractively with a bird lyric of Coleridge. Sir George Henschel has written a couple of love songs (issued under one cover)—warmly expressive settings of Herbert Trench's *She comes not and Since I have given you*. This batch of songs is published by Augener.

Donald Ford's *A Prayer to Our Lady* is spoilt for me by one or two lapses in the way of minor ninths and diminished sevenths. 'Why lapses?' you may ask. It is impossible to explain, but I feel they are wrong just where he has used them. And the progression at 'In woods of Summer' suggests the clumsy amateur finding out juicy chords at the pianoforte (Murdoch). *Chantes, mes enfants* is a collection of French folk- and action-songs, selected and arranged by Lady Bell. They are published in two editions—melody and text only, and with pianoforte accompaniment, the latter in stiff paper and in cloth. Here is a delightful way of helping on your youngsters in French and singing at the same time (Hachette). H. G.

[We regret that our review columns last month credited a song called *The Satyr's Dance* to Josef Holbrooke. The composer is Felix White, and the song is published by Messrs. Curwen.]

PIANOFORTE MUSIC

The stack of new works is so big that it must be dealt with on the run, so to speak.

Our old keyboard composers, like our old song writers, are very much in evidence lately. Chester's have added to their editions of early English music for keyed instruments an album of *Twenty-five Pieces from Benjamin Cosyn's Virginal Book*, edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland and W. Barclay Squire. The composers represented are: John Bull (six pieces), William Byrde (one), Cosyn (three), Orlando Gibbons (fourteen), and Anonymous (one). Inevitably much of the interest in these pieces is purely antiquarian, but there is real attraction in some of them, e.g., *Dr. Bull's Greefe*, Byrd's *Goe from my window*, Cosyn's *The Goldfinch*, &c. The Gibbons pieces were evidently intended for the organ, and there is a grave charm about many of them, especially when the composer doesn't go on spinning his rather monotonous tale too long.

Edward Poldini's suite, *Folies d'autrefois* (Chester), is in the vein of parody. It is as well that two of the titles make this clear—*Notre vieux clair de lune* and *La farce de l'aubade*—otherwise some sentimental players and hearers might be taking it all seriously and regarding it as unusually successful music of the very kind the composer is poking fun at. On the whole, satire in music is a tricky thing unless there is a text to make it safe.

Julius Harrison's jolly perversion of the old song *The Ledbury Parson* from the *Worcestershire Suite* has now been issued for pianoforte solo (Enoch). Stravinsky's *Grand Suite de L'Histoire du Soldat*, arranged for the pianoforte by the composer, reminds us of the concert at which the Suite and other late

works of the composer were heard for the first time in London. These particular examples sounded pretty bad in their orchestral form, and, as may be expected, their asperities are not smoothed over by being reduced to the one tone-colour of the pianoforte (Chester). If you went to *East of Suez* and wish to remind yourself thereof by playing Eugène Goossens's incidental music, you may obtain it arranged for pianoforte from Chester. But you must be a good player in order to make anything of it.

French composers have lately had a craze for writing pianoforte pieces on composers' names, by way of doing homage. It was hardly to be expected that Fauré should escape, so the recent honours paid him include a number of pianoforte pieces on FAURE. Two of these, by Florent Schmitt and Louis Aubert, have been issued by Durand. The only justification for using a composer's name as basis for a theme is the production of something significant. BACH, for example, is full of possibilities that have not yet been exhausted, though lots of composers have done their best—and worst—with it. FESCA (S being E flat, of course) makes a charming little motive, and GADE may be done much with. But FAURE, judging from these pieces, produces merely a wandering succession of notes. The Aubert piece is the better in every way, the theme being fairly significant, and the work happily short. Schmitt, believing in no half-measures, also drags in the GABRIEL, and from the two words produces six pages of difficult and unpleasing music.

Alexandre Tcherepnine's *Petite Suite* (Durand) should do more for his repute than both the shallow Concertos. The pieces are attractive and not frantically difficult. I like especially the curious little *Marche* and the *Berceuse*, despite the fact that the *fortissimo* passage in the latter seems out of place. Chester's have issued a new edition of Debussy's *D'un Cahier d'Esquisses*, a work already familiar. There is a lot of good stuff in Manuel de Falla's *Fantasia Batica* (Chester). It is long and very difficult, but the difficulties really strike one as being well worth while, which is too rarely the case with modern music. I am willing to keep an open mind on this point in regard to Karol Szymanowski's *Etudes*, Op. 33, and *Melopes*, Op. 29 (Universal Edition). Only a master of the keyboard with plenty of time on his hands is qualified to pass a verdict on this fearsome music, so I leave the task to those who can meet both requirements. The same remark applies to Kaikhosru Sorabji's *Fantaisie Espagnole* (London and Continental Publishing Co.). One feels that there is an uncannily clever musical brain at the back of it all, but I wish Mr. Sorabji would write music as clear and easy of comprehension as his excellent letters to the press. Felix Swinstead's *Six Pieces after Scarlatti* are capital little works of fair difficulty that would serve well as recreative studies. They are published separately (Augener). Francis Poulenc's *First Book of Improptus* (Chester) consists of tough morsels, with occasional hints of a beauty of sorts. For example, the sombre *Andante* over a ground bass has its moments. But most of the music is strained. There is monotony too, and such devices as the simultaneous use of two tonalities is already conventional. Roy E. Agnew's *Dance of the Wild Men* (Chester) is just what might be expected from its title, with pretty constant semiquaver movement at a hundred and seventy-six crotchets per minute.

The composer uses the conventional terms of expression, but at times he feels their inadequacy, and helps himself out by the vernacular. Twice he lets himself go with a 'fff bang,' and the final bar opens *ffff* and ends *ffffff*, with a *sf* thrown in so that there can be no mistaking his intentions. Clearly he wants the ending to be quite loud. H. G.

EASY PIANOFORTE PIECES

A second set of *Little Preludes* for pianoforte by H. V. Jervis-Read (Elkin), consists of four well-written and effective little works.

Three sets of *Two Easy Pieces* for junior pupils with small hands, by C. W. Pearce (Elkin), are excellently written little works, chiefly in dance form—*Rustic Dance*, *Tempo di Bourrée*, *Maypole Dance*, &c. They provide admirable practice in part-playing, and would usefully pave the way to the dance movements of Bach.

Light, recreative fare of only moderate difficulty will be found in Leonard Butler's *Four little Songs on a hill-top* (Augener). The music requires, however, a full-sized hand. The same composer's *Stray Leaves* (Augener) contains five pieces, some quite easy, but all requiring neat manipulation of octaves and full chords.

For quite junior pupils, useful and entertaining practice will be found in Leslie Fly's twelve miniatures for pianoforte under the title *Robin Hood and his Merrie Men* (Forsyth). For purposes of technique these are admirably written, and may be safely recommended.

Hugh Blair's *Serenata Life and Love*, for pianoforte solo (Novello), is a suavely-written little piece of no great pretensions or difficulty. It is also arranged for small orchestra, in which form it will probably prove even more effective.

Two other publications may be fittingly referred to here. *A Day in the Country* is a children's play arranged by Ethel Barras with music by Walter Carroll (Forsyth). It is, we are told, intended primarily to assist a music-mistress in arranging an interesting and instructive entertainment, with an ordinary term's school-work at her disposal. The music consists of extracts from Walter Carroll's widely known works, and the play is merely written to enable the children already using the music to realise it and to enjoy it more fully. We commend this little work to the notice of teachers.

Teachers who are in the habit of using copy-books in the teaching of musical theory to young pupils might note that three such books have been compiled by Ernest Newton (Paxton). Book 1, which is before us, appears to go into the matter very thoroughly, and in addition to actual copying provides much that will necessitate the pupil thinking for himself. G. G.

CHAMBER MUSIC

A *Quintet* for pianoforte and four stringed instruments by Kaikhosru Sorabji (London and Continental Music Publishing Co.), deserves special mention as the first work in which the thoughtful composer has provided an 'index of beats' for the benefit of the performer. That the index is much needed a single glance suffices to prove. When bars follow one another in this order, 20/8, 8/8, 4/4, 6/4, 4/4, 5/4, 6/4, &c., it is evident that some little guidance is sure to be welcomed by

the harassed reader: harassed not only by time-signatures but by the accidentals which adorn every chord, by the three staves of the pianoforte (the upper stave to be played an octave higher), by the frequent directions, by the unusual demands the composer makes on his string players. Thus the reader will be sincerely grateful for the index. For this relief many thanks—especially as it happens to be the only relief worth mentioning. The actual music, alas, is aptly defined in the directions printed over the last bar, *Enigmatique équivoque*. Whether anyone will care to solve that problem is not our affair.

From the Quintet of Mr. Sorabji to the *Sonate pour flûte, hautbois, clarinette en si⁷, et piano*, of M. Darius Milhaud (Durand, Paris) is but a step. But it is the kind of step which desperate men used to take from the top of the Monument in Mark Lane. M. Milhaud's music may delight us, bore us, or leave us indifferent—that is a matter of personal temperament and bias. Yet there is no denying the fact that if he uses modern devices with perfect freedom he also uses them for lawful purposes, and with taste and a distinct appreciation of their values. He is in the fashion in so far as dissonances are concerned, and he does not scruple to write a round E flat under a chord of C major. But his thoughts and aims are perfectly lucid. Thus he contrives to keep safe and within the realm of art; beyond this is the void.

Mr. B. J. Dale's *Sonata for pianoforte and violin* (Augener) is less daring and also more solid stuff. The composer's aim is not the shock—pleasant or unpleasant—of novelty so much as the charm of a good theme well presented and well developed. Its only weakness, to my mind, is in the second movement, the variation form of which is seldom wholly satisfactory—in spite of many admirable and classical precedents. The *Kreutzer Sonata* is the exception which proves the rule. But Tchaikovsky's *Trio* would be all the better for fewer and less loquacious variations, and the best Sonata of Rubinstein is ruined by the set of variations which, good enough in themselves, contrive utterly to spoil the proportions of the work. A less imposing second movement might perhaps add to the symmetry of the Sonata, which is certainly a composition of considerable merit.

F. B.

ORGAN MUSIC

Sir Charles Stanford's *Three Preludes and Fugues* (Novello) serve to remind us that this time-honoured form is still one of the best. If it has in late years lost favour, the cause is perhaps to be found in some modern organ composers' tendency to spin a polyphonic web that is not only too long for the ear, but also too complex for the instrument. It is fatally easy to go on writing a fugue of sorts, and only a cutting off of the supply of paper can stop a composer determined to develop his material to the bitter end. A fugue is the musical analogy of a sermon, and generally speaking, the short and moderately long examples are the best. If we could arrive at a general agreement as to the twenty finest Fugues of Bach, we should probably find that the majority of the elect were on the short side. These new Preludes and Fugues of Stanford have many excellences, but perhaps the quality that strikes us most is their compactness. No. 1, in C major, is merely an affair of four pages, yet it does all that a

strict fugue is expected to do, and it remains natural and pleasant to the ear. There are some delightful examples of *stretto*, and the subject is inverted very effectively. (Its inversion over the dominant pedal at the top of the last page, by the way, misses the eye at first owing to the want of a *staccato* mark over the G, or a slur over the C and F.) This admirable little Fugue has an appropriately modest but effective Prelude of three pages. In No. 2 the Prelude is of similar length, a simple *staccato* figure and a hymn-like phrase being contrasted and treated on quiet contrasted manuals. The Fugue, *Molto allegro alla Toccata*, is a spirited affair, with a rhythm suggestive of the gigue. The texture is slight, and calls for the utmost neatness in performance. The alternation of *legato* and *staccato* both on manuals and pedals, the importance of the phrasing, and the unrelaxed pace make it an admirable study. A student weak in rhythm would derive great benefit from it. Apropos of rhythm, let us hope that no players will ruin the characteristic cadence by a *rallentando*:

Ex. 1.



The conventional pull-up would make this capital Fugue fizzle out. With the pace and rhythm maintained, the dotted crotchets and minims are as energetic as the lively jig that they clinch.

No. 3, in B minor, is the most serious of the set. The Prelude—*Lento e solenne*—though short, is impressive; the Fugue (headed *Fuga Chromatica*) has a subject no less suggestive of a wedge than Bach's famous E minor, though it is rougher and begins with the thick end:

Ex. 2. *Allegro moderato.*

The counter-exposition over, we have a new subject, a simple but telling theme of an arpeggio character. The two are worked alternately and together, developing into a sonorous final page. Less attractive than its companions, this work grows on one. It has a good deal of expressive power and harmonic interest. Like No. 1 it would make an ideal voluntary; No. 2 is more of a recital piece. The three are moderately difficult, and owing to their admirable style, will be invaluable for purposes of study.

Herelle & Co., Paris, have added several numbers to the organ section of their *Antologia Sacra*.

The best of these, and a truly excellent example of organ music based on a fragment of plainsong, is F. de la Tombelle's *Offertoire on Meum ac Vestrum Sacrificium*. Its plainsong character is not very evident, either in harmony or melody, but the whole is unmistakably devotional. It is only moderately difficult. M. Jacques Ibert's *Trois Pièces* (Heugel, Paris) are unequal. The *Pièce Solennelle* has some fine moments, but is patchy, and there are some harmonic crudities of the type that do not improve on acquaintance.

The *Musette* is far better, being a delightful piece. The *Fugue* is a desperately serious affair in E flat minor, with a long subject worked out in about a hundred and fifty bars. It is difficult, full of good writing, and has a very effective close which comes about fifty bars too late. These French pieces are to be had from Novello.

H. G.

CHURCH MUSIC

The issue of Tudor Church music by the Carnegie Trust (Oxford University Press—Humphrey Milford) proceeds apace. One of the latest additions to the series is the Motet *Lactentur Coeli* ('Be glad, ye heavens'), edited, with an English text, by A. Ramsbotham. This very fine work is for five voices (S.A.T.B.B.), and needs a good choir. The editor favours the use of a dot in carrying a note over into the next bar: most singers, we fancy, would prefer the use of tied notes as being easier to read.

From Messrs. Novello come two other works by Byrde—*Looke downe, O Lord and Come, come, help, O God*. The first of these is an arrangement for female voices (S.S.A.A.), by Sir Frederick Bridge, from the original version for S.S.T.B., published in *Sacred Motets or Anthems*, by Byrde and his contemporaries, and also edited by Sir Frederick (Novello). It is not difficult, and should find its way into girls' clubs and female-voice choirs generally. *Come, come, help, O God* is an expressive little work, and although for five voices (S.S.A.T.B.) is quite easy. This also appears in the collection mentioned above.

Henry G. Ley has freely arranged for voices and organ an Ascension Hymn (*Ascendit Deus*), words by Arthur Russell (1806-74), music by Johann Schicht (1753-1823). The tune is a strong one, and has been very effectively treated by Dr. Ley (Novello).

Geoffrey Shaw's anthem for general use, *He wants not friends that hath Thy love* (Novello), is a setting of some words by R. Baxter (1615-91). It is intended for unaccompanied singing, and, owing to the frequent division of the parts, needs a choir of ample resources. One section is for sopranos and altos divided, and another for tenors and basses—the latter at one point being in three parts. The setting is an admirable example of English Church music, and may be strongly commended to the notice of good choirs.

A short anthem for Evening Service, *Saviour, Thy children keep* (Novello), is an adaptation by Robert Steele of some words to the music of *The long day closes* by Arthur Sullivan. Originally published for S.A.T.B., the present arrangement is for female voices (S.S.A.A.) unaccompanied. In its present form Sullivan's simple and melodious music will probably be welcomed by many female-voice choirs.

A new series of polyphonic music with Latin text is now being issued by J. & W. Chester under the

title of *Latin Church Music of the Polyphonic Schools*, and edited by H. B. Collins. Nos. 1 and 2 are both by Byrde—*Salve Regina*, for S.A.T.B., and a Motet, *Senex puerum portabat*, for the Feast of the Purification, also for four voices. Both are of only moderate difficulty.

A very simple setting of the Office for the Holy Communion, for voices in unison and intended for congregational singing, has been provided by C. Hylton Stewart (S.P.C.K.). No music for the Creed has been included, but it is suggested that Merbecke's or some other ancient setting should be used.

Martin Shaw's short full anthem *With a voice of singing* (Curwen), is a vigorous, joyous work which, though quite easy, should prove highly effective.

From the Faith Press come a number of works which must be considered briefly. The *Missa Brevis* of Andrea Gabrieli (1510-86) has been adapted to the words of the English Communion Service by the Rev. H. R. Norton, Precentor of Wakefield Cathedral. It is for four voices, except the *Agnus Dei*, which is for S.A.T.B. It is of moderate difficulty, much of the writing being harmonic in style. Contrapuntal writing mainly prevails in the shorter movements, particularly in the *Kyrie Eleison*. Not much can be said in favour of W. H. C. Malton's arrangement for three voices of N. Paoletti's setting of the Office for the Holy Communion. The music is commonplace, while the arrangement is frequently clumsily managed. All sorts of crudities abound, and in addition there are many misprints.

A setting of the same Office by A. W. Wilson may be unreservedly commended. This is sound, dignified music which, though quite easy to sing, is never lacking in interest. A nine-fold *Kyrie* is included.

A new edition of Merbecke by Sydney H. Nicholson will probably be welcomed by many. It is in modern notation, is provided with an admirable accompaniment for the organ, and at various points there are optional descants for boys' voices.

An organ accompaniment to a Plainsong Mass (sometimes called the 'Leighton' Mass) by Herbert Ware is excellently done, and should prove helpful to organists inexperienced in the accompaniment of plainsong.

Sydney H. Nicholson's setting of the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in G is admirably written music and quite easy. By the use of a few optional notes in small type it may be sung in unison throughout. It was composed for the Rochester Diocesan Choral Association Festival, 1923.

A very easy setting in D of the same canticles by H. C. L. Stocks is excellently written, but we wonder whether the composer has not shown unnecessary restraint both in the choice and in the treatment of his harmonic material. G. G.

Gramophone Notes

By 'DISCUS'

It is a pleasant surprise to find the H.M.V., in recording a work for pianoforte and orchestra, leaving the rather hackneyed classical school in favour of Franck's *Variations Symphoniques*. Here it is, on two 12-in. d.s., played by Albert de Greef and the Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. A good record, with some avoidable blemishes. First, the pianoforte tone is in several places very banjo-y. Second, the balance is bad at times. In the classical concerto the pianoforte is

generally a glorified solo, with the orchestra as background. The modern tendency is to treat the pianoforte rather frequently as a constituent of the instrumental ensemble. In Franck's work there are several passages in which the main theme is played by the orchestra, while the pianoforte has a comparatively unimportant part. In this record the theme in such places is barely audible against the pianoforte. Indeed, at the point where the pianist has merely a long shake on a high note, that shake practically drowns the orchestra, whereas in the concert-room we should see the pianist shaking for all he was worth, with a result that would be scarcely audible. If the recording companies are going to give us modern works for pianoforte and orchestra, this matter will need care. I don't know what positions the various instruments take up in the recording room. Judging by this Franck record, the pianoforte is close to the receiver, and the orchestra at a respectful distance. Despite this defect (which is easily made good mentally by those familiar with the music) the record of this delightful work is a boon. The H.M.V. has scored, too, with a 12-in. d.s. of Grainger's *Molly on the Shore* and Goossens's *Tam o' Shanter*, played by the Albert Hall Orchestra under Goossens. *Tam o' Shanter* comes off rather the better of the two, owing to a slight lack of clearness in some of the lower string passages in the Grainger piece. The two make a very spicy and stimulating record.

The Æolian-Vocalian Company has shown courage and enterprise that I hope will be rewarded. It has issued records of a new Symphony by a British composer. This is a reversal of the former practice. Until recently the gramophone recorded only popular and generally accepted music. When a work was safely established, the gramophone took it up. Here we have recorded the first two movements of J. B. McEwen's *Solway* Symphony, played by the Æolian Orchestra, conducted by Cuthbert Whitmore. The third and fourth movements are on the way. The Symphony has, I think, been performed in public only twice or three times, so in this case the gramophone may be regarded as a kind of publicity agent. These two movements of the *Solway* are good, sterling stuff, well played and well recorded, and, to my ears at least, better hearing than several of the more hackneyed classical symphonies. I hope to say a bit more about the work as a whole when the other records come along.

Better than most orchestral works *Finlandia* bears transference to military band. The 1st Life Guards' performance of it, under Lieut. H. Eldridge, is well recorded on an Æ.-Voc. 12-in. d.s.

Three orchestral records come from the Columbia Company. The Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood, is heard in the *Hebrides* Overture—a good record of a piece that wears well. A little more clearness when the chief figure is played by the lower strings would be an improvement. The wood-wind is particularly telling (12-in. d.s.). The Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, conducted by Alick Maclean, plays a selection from *Louise* (12-in. d.s.). Who knows anything of the composer Litolf nowadays? An effective *Scherzo* from his *Pianoforte Concerto* was heard at Queen's Hall a year or two ago, but otherwise the name suggests publishing rather than composing. Yet he had an eye for effect, if we may judge from his Overture to *Maximilian Robespierre*, played by the National

(Continued on page 487.)

In going to my lonely bed

BY

RICHARD EDWARDS

Edited by H. ELLIOT BUTTON

[NOTE.—The discovery, early in 1923, of MS. copies (date, about 1597) of the Tenor and Bass parts of this Madrigal, has enabled the present editor to reconstruct the composition with a much greater degree of accuracy than was possible from the organ arrangement in the Mulliner MS. (British Museum, Add. 30,513) from which presumably all other editions have been conjectured.

A comparison of the part-writing in this and in any previous edition forms an interesting study.]

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

SOPRANO *mp* In go - ing to my lone - - ly bed

ALTO *mp* In go - ing to my lone - - ly bed

TENOR *mp* In go - ing to my lone - ly bed as one that would have

BASS *mp* In go - ing to my lone - ly bed as

(For practice only) *mp*

as one that would have slept, I heard a wife

as one that would have slept, I heard a wife sing to her

slept, I heard a wife sing to her child

one that would have slept, I heard a wife sing to her

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(1)

sing to her child that long had moaned and wept. She sigh - ed
child that long had moaned and wept. She sigh - ed
that long had moaned and wept. She sigh - ed
child that long had moaned and wept. She sigh - ed

sore and sung full sweet to lull . . the babe to rest, That
sore and sung full sweet to lull . . the babe to rest, That
sore and sung full sweet to lull . . the babe to rest, That would not
sore and sung full sweet to lull . . the babe to rest, That

would not cease but cri - - ed still up - on . . its mo - ther's
would not cease but cri - ed still up - on its mo - - ther's
cease but cri - - ed still up - on its mo - - ther's
would not cease but cri - - ed still up - on its mo - ther's

have I found this pro - verb true to prove, "The fall - ing out of

have I found this pro - verb true to prove, "The

pro - verb true to prove, "The fall - ing out of faith - ful

pro - verb true to prove, "The fall - ing

faith - ful friends re - new - ing is . . . of love."

fall - ing out of faith - ful friends re - new - ing is of love."

friends, of faith - ful friends re - new - ing is . . . of love."

out of faith - ful friends re - new - ing is of love."

(Continued from page 482.)

Military Band, conducted by Arthur W. Ketèlbey. It is a melodramatic affair, with a climax followed by a side-drum roll which suggests that dirty work is being done with the guillotine. We are inevitably reminded of the 'off with his head' passage in the *March to the Scaffold* in Berlioz's *Fantastic Symphony*. This Litolf Overture would be a popular revival at the 'Promenades,' I fancy. Smetana's *Aus Meinem Leben* is a welcome addition to the gramophone chamber music repertory. Its first two movements, played by the London String Quartet, are well recorded on an *E.-Voc.* 12-in. d.-s. I have no score at hand, so I cannot be sure, but the work gives me an impression of having been 'cut.' If so, it is a pity.

Albert Sammons is heard to advantage in Gerald Phillips's *Chanson Tzigane* and Lloyd Hartley's *Serenade Mélancolique*. What's the matter with plain English when titles are wanted by English composers? (*E.-Voc.* 10-in. d.-s.). Some astounding flute playing is recorded by *E.-Voc.*—John Amadio in Sabathil's *Scherzo Capriccio* and Doppler's *Birds in the Wood*. Such a dazzling performance makes us overlook the superficiality of the music (10-in. d.-s.). But the flute gains when associated with another wood-wind instrument, so the listener finds even more pleasure in the Columbia record of Saint-Saëns's *Tarantelle* and Pfyffer's *Serenade*, beautifully played by Robert Murchie and Haydn P. Draper, with pianoforte accompaniment. The Saint-Saëns is musically the better of the two pieces (10-in. d.-s.).

A capital pianoforte record is that of William Murdoch in Debussy's *Arabesque* in G, and Grainger's version of the *Londonderry Air*. The Debussy comes off the better, owing to some lack of singing tone in the middle of the keyboard in the Air (Col. 10-in. d.-s.). A brilliant pianoforte record of a very different type is that of Roy Bargy in two staggering syncopated pieces of his own—*Pianoflage* and *Knice and Knifty*, both astonishingly kneat and knimble (H.M.V. 10-in. d.-s.).

I have never heard a more brilliant violin record than the H.M.V. of Heifetz playing the Mozart-Kreisler *Rondo* in G—surely the last word in faultless agility (12-in.).

The record of Caruso singing Pergolesi's *Nina* appeals to me less than some others of the tenor of tenors. I prefer him in the warmer airs of modern opera (H.M.V. 10-in.).

Tudor Davies in two love songs, Beethoven's *Adelaide* and Coleridge-Taylor's *Eleanore*, with orchestral accompaniment conducted by Eugène Goossens, is recorded on a H.M.V. 12-in. d.-s. *Adelaide* is held to be one of the world's great love songs, but I have no use for it. *Eleanore* sounds a good deal more like the real thing. Fancy preferring Coleridge-Taylor to Beethoven! But I do, just for this five minutes.

For full enjoyment of the record (H.M.V. 12-in.) of Chaliapin singing Pimen's Monologue from *Boris Godounov*, one must know something of the opera, and have an English version of the text. Both these aids appear in the H.M.V. June list, but I wish the Company would issue a helpful slip like that sent out by the Columbia Company with its record of *Madame Noy*.

A brilliant and exciting affair is the Trio, *Troncar suoi di quel empio* from *William Tell*, as sung by Martinelli, de Luca, and Mardones (H.M.V. 12-in.). Florence Austral's admirers will be glad to hear her

as recorded singing *Return, victorious*, from *Aida*, and *Ah! Suicide* from *La Gioconda*. But I am bound to confess that I didn't know what language she was singing in till I consulted the catalogue. To my surprise I found I had been listening to English without hearing it (H.M.V. 12-in. d.-s.).

Selma Kurz has not been heard in England for some years, so a record of her singing has special interest. Her performance of an extract from Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba* is a real feat. Her breath control is notable, and her long shake is a thing beside which that of the average good singer is a mere clumsy wobble (H.M.V. 12-in.).

Two more examples of Gerhardt's singing need no bush. They are of Brahms's *Feldeinsamkeit* and Grieg's *Im Kahne*, deftly accompanied by Ivor Newton (*E.-Voc.* 12-in. and 10-in. respectively).

Frank Titterton is a tenor whose manly singing is a relief from the lachrymose snivelling that is so often doled out by his fellow-tenors. He is recorded in two dismal numbers—*The Volga Boatmen's Song* and Gretchaninov's *The Dreary Steppe*, but he is not unduly depressing. What some tenors would make of these songs will hardly bear reflection. Mr. Titterton's is one of the best recording voices (*E.-Voc.* 10-in. d.-s.). Mention should be made, as a matter of historical interest, of the H.M.V. records of The King and Queen in Empire Day messages to school-children. The voices and speech of both are very clear. The King is deliberate, and inclined to the monotone, the Queen fairly rapid. These records make us realise the possibilities of the gramophone as a means of preserving voices of notabilities, and of the delivery of messages of this kind in a personal way that print can never approach. On the reverse side of this 10-in. d.-s. are *Home, sweet home* and *God Save the King*, played by the band of the Coldstream Guards. They are arranged by Lieut. R. G. Evans, who has not strengthened Bishop's air by some Spohrish harmonies.

Just as these notes are being finished comes a second batch of Wagner records issued by H.M.V.

There are three 12-in. d.-s., and two 12-in. single, of *Siegfried*, and four 12-in. d.-s. of *The Twilight of the Gods*. The singers are Florence Austral, Bessie Jones, Tudor Davies, Sydney Russell, Clarence Whitehill, and Robert Radford, and the conductors Albert Coates, Percy Pitt, and Eugène Goossens. I have not space to give the full titles of all the extracts. Your local dealer will of course have a catalogue, and the daily press advertisements will also show them. All I have to do is to express my delight. Of course we don't hear many of the singer's words—we don't expect to. But the voices are fine and telling, and if we regard them merely as part of the ensemble, there is no great loss. After all, the orchestral music is what matters most here. The playing is what we expect from the conductors, and the reproduction shows a marked advance, especially in regard to the brass instruments. These have now a good deal of their right impressiveness: a few years ago they sounded like toys. To every one his favourite record. Mine here are that of Tudor Davies in Siegfried's *Forging Song* (an exciting bit of reproduction, with stout work on an anvil apparently just round the corner), and the Prelude to the Rhine-maiden's Scene, the ravishing score of which is wonderfully well reproduced. The issue of this series is a real feat to the credit of the H.M.V. Why should we toil to Covent Garden, when so many of its plums may be enjoyed at home?

THE CAMBRIDGE FESTIVAL OF BRITISH MUSIC

BY HERBERT THOMPSON

Between June 2 and 8 Cambridge was the scene of a series of demonstrations of British music in its most characteristic forms. There was a due tribute to the great Elizabethan school in a programme of Tudor Church Music given in King's College Chapel by the united choirs of King's, St. John's, and Trinity Colleges; there was a lecture by Dr. Edward Naylor on the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, that unique repertory of keyboard music of the late 16th and early 17th centuries; there was a concert of Madrigals; there was a recital of organ music of all times, from Byrd to Bairstow; there was chamber music by Boyce and Elgar; there was a Masque of 1701, and a comic opera of 1764; there were folk-dances from traditional sources and a modern ballet by Vaughan Williams; and the whole was wound up by a concert of orchestral and choral music, the programme of which was supplied by five living Cambridge musicians. It will be seen from this summary how representative was the programme, the arrangement of which reflected great credit on the members of the famous C.U.M.S., who planned it and carried it out with unqualified success.

To go into rather greater detail, Mr. E. J. Dent furnished a prologue in the form of an interesting though necessarily quite incomplete sketch of the history of English opera up to Purcell's time. He based his discourse on a mass of material he had accumulated, and from which it is much to be hoped he will be encouraged to evolve one of his invaluable contributions to the history of music. It is worth while recalling, as a proof of the enhanced respect paid to music in the University in recent times, that Mr. Dent was made a Fellow of King's simply on the strength of his work in music, and that this precedent was followed in the cases of Dr. Rootham of St. John's, Dr. Naylor of Emmanuel, and Dr. Mann and Mr. Bernhard Ord of King's—which represents a change in the order of things from the time when the Master of Trinity used to say, with unconcealed contempt, that 'So-and-so fiddled for his degree.'

The 'English Singers' gave one of their delightful concerts, chiefly of works of the madrigal type, but diversified by some of Vaughan Williams's very happy arrangements of folk-songs. The programme of Church music, in which the names of Byrd and Weelkes were of course prominent, was chiefly concerned with the Elizabethans, but ended with Purcell's Coronation Anthem for James II. The effect of the music was greatly enhanced by the surroundings, for no more appropriate background for Tudor music could be imagined than the unsurpassed interior of King's College Chapel, Gothic in its main structural lines, Renaissance in its furnishings. Dimly lighted by a multitude of candles, one felt it presented very much the same effect that it did in the time of Gibbons and his contemporaries, so the correct atmosphere was supplied, and although the performances suggested that perfect unanimity was not always procurable between the three choirs, the general effect was admirable.

Of particular interest were the dramatic performances in the Hall of Trinity. The Masque was *The Judgment of Paris*, a pastoral by Congreve, set by John Eccles, which won the second prize in a competition. Weldon was the winner, but his music has disappeared, and Eccles, though fluent and

pleasant, is hardly strong enough to hold attention for three-quarters of an hour. *Midax*, styled a 'Burletta,' is by an Irishman, one Kane O'Hara, who chose and arranged the music very discreetly. 'Pray Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue,' is still intermittently remembered, and a familiar note is where the chorus sings Handel's *See the conqu'ring hero comes*, which was evidently thoroughly popular five years after the composer's death. Pan's part is characteristic, and his lively 'patter' songs give an amusing touch of modernity.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of the Festival was the programme of dances—which were given in a suitable setting, Neville's Court at Trinity. The first part consisted of a series of folk-dances, for which the Cambridge branch of the English Folk-Dance Society was responsible. These were very charming, but still more interest attached to a new ballet, *Old King Cole*, with music written for the occasion by Dr. Vaughan Williams. The 'argument' followed the lines of the nursery rhyme: the lively old monarch called for his pipe, and his bowl, and his 'Fiddlers Three,' who appeared in turn, and actually played their characteristic solos, all based on folk melodies. Two played gay dances, the third a romantic fantasy, which captured the attention of the Princess Helena, but bored the King, who nodded. Vaughan Williams has written delightful music for full orchestra, not so elaborate as to be out of keeping with the popular folk-tune character aimed at, and so rhythmical as to give the cue to the dancers, who, it may be said, performed their part with admirable spirit. The work is, indeed, one which should be heartily welcomed in every quarter, for it makes for a truly national form of ballet, and that in an attractive and thoroughly practicable guise.

The chamber concert has already been referred to: Boyce's very genial Sonata in D minor for two violins, violoncello, and continuo, was played by one party, Elgar's Pianoforte Quintet by another, all the performers, as well as two vocalists, being members of the University Musical Club, which was founded in 1889, and has done much for the performance and appreciation of chamber music in the University. Dr. Alan Gray's organ recital, on the great instrument in Trinity College Chapel, covered a wide ground of British organ music, and the names are so representative that they deserve to be quoted: Byrd, Gibbons, Purcell, S. Wesley, S. S. Wesley, Parry, Stanford, Elgar, Alan Gray, Charles Wood, Vaughan Williams, Bairstow, and Howells. The Festival culminated in a choral and orchestral concert by the University Musical Society under its very able conductor, Dr. Rootham, organist of St. John's. The programme was furnished by five living Cambridge composers, which reminds us that all the Festival performers, with the exception of some of the 'English Singers,' were Cambridge residents, so that the event gave striking evidence of the vitality of music in the University. Armstrong Gibbs's eight-part motet, *All creatures of our God and King*, opened the concert, and was followed by Dr. Charles Wood's inspired setting of Whitman's *Dirge for Two Veterans*, Vaughan Williams's *London Symphony*, which was admirably played by an orchestra almost entirely local, Dr. Rootham's poetic choral work, *Brown Earth*, and, as an appropriate ending, the first Irish Rhapsody of Stanford, to whom, more than any other individual, the great

activity of Cambridge in music during the past half century (he became conductor of the C.U.M.S. in 1873) is due. The programmes were very interesting and representative, the only conspicuous omission being that of Sterndale Bennett, who, as a Cambridge Professor, as well as on more general grounds, might well have claimed a small place in the Festival.

THE LOUIS VIERNE FUND

We have received from Messrs. Edward Shippen Barnes and Lynnwood Farnam a statement in regard to the Vierne Fund. Vierne has so many admirers in this country that we reprint the salient portions:

The total of the fund is now nearly \$700, and the fifth remittance has been forwarded. Undoubtedly there are many more friends who will respond to the appeal, especially when are recorded some of the more recent misfortunes that have been the lot of M. Vierne. In 1914 he had an attack of glaucoma, which caused him four years of intense suffering and was followed by a second operation on his eyes. The year following was one of disaster. His oculist being called to the war, Vierne was forced to go to Switzerland for care, and, being poor, he was compelled to sell everything, even to the little organ in his apartment on which he worked and gave his lessons. His eldest son enlisted at seventeen, and was killed after three months' service. His youngest brother, René Vierne, organist of Notre Dame des Champs, was killed after four years' service. Vierne lost in him not only a brother, a disciple, and an artist, but one who aided him in the delicate task of preparing his compositions for publication.

Now the organist of Notre Dame must commence his life for the third time, and he is forced to go from place to place to give his lessons, as in the early days of his career; the present finds him in ill-health, alone in the world, and facing the possibility of becoming *totally blind* should cold settle in his eyes.

The life of an artist in France has become more and more difficult, and the twelve hundred francs (scarcely \$100) a year received as organist of Notre Dame is nothing. The great master, now fifty-three years old, master of all his faculties, enriched by thirty years' experience, has projects for other Symphonies for organ, a Poem for piano-forte, a Ballade for violin and orchestra, a critical edition of the traditional Bach, and other works which can never be realised unless by a miracle. His friends in the United States have suggested a concert tour here, but this is impossible owing to the state of his health and his blindness, which robs him of all independence.

We know that a certain amount of help has been sent from this country. A reading of the above should lead to still more. Meanwhile, we should be glad to know what is being done by Vierne's fellow-countrymen.

Church and Organ Music

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS

CHOIR-TRAINING EXAMINATION

The Council has accepted the Report of the Choir-Training Committee, and the following Resolutions have been adopted:

- I.—That any Choir Training Examination which may be instituted shall not form part of either the Fellowship or Associateship Examinations.
- II.—That a Diploma Examination in Church Choir-Training open to holders of either of the College Diplomas be established. Successful candidates to be entitled to use the initials Ch. M. (Choir Master) after their diploma, initials thus:
A.R.C.O. (Ch. M.) or F.R.C.O. (Ch. M.)

III.—That a Certificate Examination of a less comprehensive character than the Diploma Examination be established, which shall be open to any member of the College whether holding a College Diploma or not.

This Examination will deal with the principles and practice of Church Choir-Training. The organ playing required will be of a simple character.

Successful candidates will receive a certificate but this Certificate will not carry with it the right to use any initials with reference to the Examination or to the R.C.O.

IV.—Diploma Examination (Ch. M.):

- (a) That the Examination be held at the College yearly in April or May, commencing in 1924.
- (b) That the Examination consist of two parts—(a) paper work and (b) practical, including *vivid voce*.
- (c) The Examination will be conducted by two examiners.
- (d) That boys only be engaged to form a choir at the Examinations.
- (e) That the practical Examination shall not exceed thirty minutes' duration.
- (f) That the fee for the Examination be three guineas and for the Diploma (Ch. M.) two guineas.

V.—Certificate Examination.

- (a) That the Examination be held at the College yearly, early in April or May, commencing in 1924.
- (b) That the Examination consist of two parts (a) paper work and (b) practical, including *vivid voce*.
- (c) That the fee for Examination be three guineas and for the Certificate one guinea.

VI.—Lectures.

That a series of Lectures on Choir-Training and Church Musicianship be given at the College immediately preceding the Examinations.

That so far as the College funds will admit, Provincial Lectures be given on the same subjects, the Lectures to begin as soon as possible.

In regard to (I.) it may be well to state that the Council, though desirous of making the choir-training tests a part of the Fellowship and Associateship examinations, felt that such a course would press hardly on the increasing number of candidates who take the College Diplomas with a view to working as teachers, as organists in concert-halls and cinemas, or as organists at churches where there is a separate post of choir-trainer.

(II.) The Council was reluctant to add to the already bewildering number of alphabetical distinctions. It was felt, however, that there were advantages in holders of the choir-training diploma being able to signify the fact on paper. And it is only reasonable that organists who hold a valuable distinction should be at liberty to advertise the fact.

(III.) The Certificate examination was instituted in order to help the large number of people who, either as amateurs or semi-professionals, are in charge of choirs in small or remote villages, or poor town parishes. Many of these are doing excellent service, but as a body they are necessarily working more or less in the dark. The Council earnestly hopes that all such (irrespective of whether they intend entering for the examination) will take full advantage of the help afforded by the College lectures, both in the provinces and in London prior to the examinations.

It will be noted that the choir at the examinations will consist of boys only. The Council is aware that in most Nonconformist Churches, and in a growing number of Established Churches, the choirs are of mixed voices, but the engagement of a mixed-voice choir to attend at the College continuously throughout the examination is at present impossible—

partly on the ground of expense and also because, until the examination is established, the Council has no means of knowing what proportion of candidates have to deal with mixed voices only. But the elementary principles of vocal work apply pretty generally to all voices, and a good teacher of singing would not be staggered at finding himself faced with a small class of boys instead of men and women. As the examination develops, however, the Council will do its best to meet the requirements of all candidates. The Committee is still at work on details, and the syllabus will be issued in October.

Finally, it is to be hoped that incumbents and others who have to do with the engagement of organists and choirmasters will support this venture in the only obvious way.

Recently many of them have complained (and rightly) that when choosing an organist they have very little means of ascertaining a candidate's abilities apart from mere solo-playing. The R.C.O. Choir-Training Examination will give them what they want. If organists find that clergy and churchwardens inquire as to an applicant's possession of the 'Ch.M.' diploma, or of the certificate, there will be no lack of examinees. So, in the long run, the success of the scheme, and with it the improvement in choir-work throughout the country, depends upon the attitude of the Church authorities.

DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS

Members and friends are cordially invited to attend the distribution of diplomas to successful candidates at the Fellowship and Associateship Examinations by the President, Dr. Alan Gray, on Saturday, July 21, at 11 a.m. After the president's address Dr. E. C. Bairstow will play upon the College organ the three Fellowship organ-work pieces selected for the January Examination, 1924, viz.:

- Choral Prelude ... 'Lord Jesus Christ, unto us turn'
(Novello, Bk. 17, p. 26.) *J. S. Bach*
Toccata on 'Pange Lingua' ... *Bairstow*
(Augener.)
Andante (from fifth Quintet) (Best's Arrangements,
Vol. 3, No. 57)... *Mozart*
(Novello.)

No tickets are required.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Will also be held on the above date at the College, at 11.45 a.m.

Candidates for the Examinations are informed that balanced swell pedals have been added to the College organ. Either type of swell pedals (balanced or lever) is available at the player's option.

Candidates for the July Associateship examination are requested to note carefully that the Fantasia in E⁷ (Best), in Group No. 2, is, as stated in the Regulations, 'No. 1 of Six Concert Pieces,' and is not the Fantasia in E⁷, Op. 1, dedicated to S. S. Wesley, which will not be accepted by the Examiners.

H. A. HARDING,
Hon. Secretary.

In connection with the Byrd celebrations, a recital of English organ music will be given by Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull at Westminster Cathedral on July 5, at 6.30. The programme will open with a couple of Byrd pieces—a Pavane and a Prelude on a plainsong theme—and will include Purcell's Toccata in A, Howells's second Rhapsody, Alan Gray's Fantasia in G minor, and Choral Preludes by Parry, Vaughan Williams, Bairstow, and Harvey Grace.

FELLOWSHIP, 10s.

A correspondent tells us that he has received an invitation to join 'The Society of Church Vocalists, which proposes to become Incorporated as The Incorporated Society of Church Vocalists, Limited (by Guarantee).' He sends along the prospectus, and asks us if we know anything of the Society. We don't; but the prospectus whets our curiosity. We note that it has excellent objects—the raising of the status of members of choirs of the Church of England; the improvement of the standard of efficiency of church choirs; the making of grants of money to choir-funds or gifts of music to choirs in need thereof; the establishing of schools, colleges, and classes likely to increase the efficiency of church vocalists, and the giving of free lessons to members. Members will consist of two classes, Licentiates and Fellows, who will be entitled to use the initials 'L.I.C.V.' and 'F.I.C.V.' respectively. The qualifications are not onerous. In order to be able to call yourself a 'L.I.C.V.' you must (a) have had three years' experience as member of a church choir; (b) pass an intermediate examination in reading, singing, and general knowledge; and (c) be a member of a church choir. For Fellowship, ten years' membership of a choir is necessary, a final examination is to be passed, and the candidate must be a L.I.C.V. of two years' standing.

As the church choir membership is a simple matter, the important point in the qualifying test is the syllabus of the examinations. But the circular says nothing on this head.

The net, such as it is, will be cast wide, for we read that

'In the case of persons who are proved to possess certain abilities or who have passed an equivalent examination and have had long experience, the Council may grant exemption from examinations and may modify clause D under 'Fellowship.' [Clause D refers to the two years' Licentiate-ship.]

Moreover, the circular states that 'Clergy who assist the choir are eligible as members'—though how they are to fare in the matter of initials is not clear. Presumably they will have to present themselves for examination.

The charges are low. The entrance fee for L.I.C.V. is 2s. 6d.; the annual subscription of a Licentiate is 5s.; that of a Fellow, 10s. Transfer from Licentiate-ship to Fellowship is a mere 5s. But small as these fees are, 'persons joining now will only pay half . . .' One naturally wonders how the Society proposes to carry out an ambitious and costly programme (grants to choirs, establishment of schools, colleges, &c., &c.) on the proceeds of so modest a tariff.

The Council does not yet exist. It will be elected 'as soon as more applications for membership have been received. Persons wishing to stand for election as members of the Council should inform the Warden.' Who the Warden is we know not. The only name that appears on the circular is that of the Trustee, Mr. A. L. Leonard, A.L.A.A., Certified Accountant, 14, Leonard Place, High Street, Kensington, W.8, 'to whom all fees, &c., must be sent.'

But before we consider the investment of any of our floating capital in the Society, we wish to know whether the project has behind it any musicians of standing. If Mr. Leonard will give us information on this point, we will gladly make it public.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF CHURCH MUSIC

Past visitors to this enjoyable event will be glad to hear that the Committee has arranged for a School to be held this year at St. Peter's College, Peterborough, from September 10-15 inclusive. Among those who have promised help in lectures and discussions, are the Bishop of Peterborough, Mr. H. Coleman, the Cathedral organist, Dr. Henry Ley, Mr. Noel Ponsbury, and practically all the speakers who have officiated at the School since its inception. Full particulars are to be had from the hon. secretary, Miss L. M. Lascelles, Woodcock, Ash, Surrey.

It is good to see that organists are taking a part in the revival of Old English music, though their part is necessarily a modest one. Owing to the slow development of the

organ in this country, our early writers were heavily handicapped. Organ music by Tudor composers is scarce, and even that of a century later suffers from the lack of resource in the organs of the period. (It is difficult to realise that the pedal organ was not introduced to this country until about three centuries after it was established on the Continent.) But slender in style though our old organ music be, it has the tuneful and wholesome quality that pianists and string players are finding in our early harpsichord and violin music. A good number of organists are celebrating the Byrd Tercentenary by giving recitals of music by that composer and his contemporaries—the latter word being interpreted somewhat freely as a rule. From several programmes of this kind we give one played by Mr. John Pulletin at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, on May 21, under the auspices of the British Music Society:

Fantasia in C, Byrd; Air and Fantasia on the *Old Hundred*, Blow; two songs—*Cradle Song*, Byrd, and *Come, heavy sleep*, Dowland (Miss Nellie Gordon); Chaconne, Purcell; Pavane and Air, Byrd; song, *Not full twelve years twice told*, Ford (Miss Nellie Gordon); *In Nomine*, Byrd; Poco Allegro and Trumpet Tune and Air, Purcell.

The inclusion of a few vocal items is an excellent feature of such recitals. It relieves a scheme that must necessarily be rather grey, and it helps to make known the fact that in the matter of song-writing some of our old composers had nothing to learn from their contemporaries on the Continent.

During the past season (October-April) the choir of Christ Church, Crouch End, has performed a notable list of works—Mendelssohn's *Athalie* (complete, with reciters), Vaughan Williams's *Five Mystical Songs* (with choral accompaniment) and Fantasia on Christmas Carols, Brahms's *Song of Destiny* and Rhapsody for alto solo, Dale's *Before the Paling of the Stars*, Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, Holst's *Two Psalms*, Gounod's *Gallia*, Elgar's *Light of the World*, and various Handel selections, in addition to carol services and a great number of anthems and other miscellaneous small works at services. This is a record of which the choir and its director—Dr. Walker Robson—may well be proud. Incidentally, it is a reminder of the great amount of excellent choral effort that goes on in and around London in connection with the more adventurous church choirs. Jeremiahs who say there is little choralism in London hear nothing of this kind of work, which is certainly not less important than a number of big-scale performances of hackneyed music.

The Unity Church (Islington) Choral and Orchestral Society has just concluded its first season. The Society has started well by breaking unfamiliar ground, its efforts having been devoted largely to the revival of unduly neglected compositions. In addition to some well-known works, it has performed Cherubini's C minor *Requiem*, extracts from Raff's *World's End*, Gade's *Ossian*, and Overtures by Paer, Mercadante, and Bellini (*Capuleti e Montecchi* and *Norma*). We congratulate the Society on so enterprising a start, and wish it a long and busy career.

The memorial organ presented to the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was dedicated and opened on June 1. The instrument was built by Mr. J. J. Binns, of Leeds, and is a two-manual of nineteen stops. The fine oak case was designed by Messrs. Dunn, Hansom, & Fenwick. The opening recital was given by Mr. William Ellis, whose programme included Avison's Concerto in B flat, No. 8 (Avison was a Newcastle man), Widor's *Marche Pontificale*, and Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue.

The new organ at St. Mary's Parish Church, Wanstead, built by Spurden, Rutt & Co., was opened on May 31, when Mr. Allan Brown gave a recital. His programme included Schumann's Canon in B minor, the 'Great' G minor, the first movement of Widor's fifth Symphony, and Wolstenholme's *Finale* in B flat. The organ is a three manual of twenty-eight stops and ample accessories.

The East Herts Musical Society, in response to a general request, repeated its recent performance of Brahms's *Requiem*, on June 5, giving the work this time in Ware Parish Church. Mr. W. J. Comley again conducted an excellent interpretation, and there was a large attendance.

The Huddersfield Glee and Madrigal Society drew a large gathering to Ripon Cathedral on June 2, when it presented a fine programme that included Bruch's *On Jordan's Banks* and *A Morning Song of Praise*, Moody's *Choral Elegy*, and Parry's *Songs of Farewell and Blest Pair of Sirens*. Mr. C. H. Moody conducted.

ORGAN RECITALS

Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Fantasia and Toccata, Stanford; Sursum Corda, Elgar; Sonata in D flat, Rheinberger; Cantabile and Finale (Symphony No. 2), Vierne.

Mr. John Pulletin, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Preludio Festivo, Bossi; Psalm-Prelude No. 1, Howells Offrande Musicale, Paul de Maleingreau.

Dr. Charles Macpherson, St. Paul's, Portman Square, W.—Fantasia in C, Byrd; Three Preludes on Hymn Tunes, Macpherson; Cantilène, Rheinberger; Marche Triomphale, Alcock.

Mr. Stanley C. Curtis, St. Paul's, Portman Square, W.—Largo (Sonata No. 2), Bach; Carillon, Vierne; Marche Pontificale, Widor.

Mr. G. F. Robertson, Hinckley Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in G, Parry; Pastorale, Franck; Grand Chœur, Guilmant.

Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, E.C.—Fantasia in E flat, Best; Passacaglia, Bach; Sonata No. 4, Mendelssohn; Pastorale, Franck; Concerto in D minor, Friedemann Bach.

Mr. H. E. Wall, St. Matthew's, West Kensington—Marcia (Symphony No. 3), Widor; Villanella, John Ireland; Fugue in E flat, Bach.

Mr. Percy Tapp, St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, N.W.—Passacaglia, John E. West; Prelude and Madrigal, Vierne; Prelude on 'Martyrdom,' Parry.

Mr. H. T. Gilberthorpe, St. Leonard's, Exeter—Adagio and Allegro Fugato, John Stanley; Finale, Franck.

Mr. Paul Rochard, Kendal Parish Church—Symphony No. 5, Widor; Prelude to 'The Cloud Messenger,' Holst; Grand Chœur Dialogue, Gigout; Evening Song, Bairstow.

Dr. H. G. Ley, Northill Parish Church, Biggleswade—Overture to 'Arminius,' Handel; Four Sketches, Schumann; Fantasia in F minor, Mozart; Prelude and Fugue in G, Bach.

Miss Christina Chalmers, St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside—Voluntary in D minor, Gibbons; Sonata in C sharp minor, Harwood; Chorale Preludes by Parry, Harold Darke, and Harvey Grace.

Mr. Frank E. Charlton, St. Paul's, Greenwich—Fantasia and Fugue, Parry; Sonata in C sharp minor, Harwood.

Mr. Frederick Fertel, Bromley Parish Church—Concerto in G minor, Handel; Berceuse and Finale ('L'Oiseau de Feu'), Stravinsky; Rhapsody, Harvey Grace.

Mr. Gordon A. Slater, Wesleyan Church, Kirtou—Vivace (Sonata No. 6), Bach; Scherzo, Bairstow; Scherzetto, Vierne.

Mr. Arthur E. Davies, Ewell Parish Church—Andante (Sonata No. 4), Bach; Grand Chœur, Dubois; Sonata da Camera, Peace.

APPOINTMENTS

Mr. Harold E. Atkinson, organist and choirmaster, St. Michael and All Angels', Stoke Newington Common, N.

Mr. Frederick Metham, organist and choirmaster, St. Paul's, Morton-by-Gainsborough.

Mr. Philip Miles, organist and choirmaster, All Saints', Eastbourne.

Mr. W. Stamp, organist and choirmaster, Benilton Parish Church, Sutton, Surrey.

Mr. Stainton de B. Taylor, organist and choirmaster, Great George Street Congregational Church, Liverpool.

The Amateurs' Exchange

Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur musicians who wish to co-operate with others.

Tooting, Balham, and district. Instrumentalists (all kinds) wanted to join small orchestra being formed in connection with the Balham and Tooting Philharmonic Society.—WALTER WHITE, 11, Clairview Road, Streatham Park, S.W.16.

Lady pianist is desirous of meeting good singer for mutual practice.—Write, c/o, 30, Brighton Road, South Croydon.

Soprano (with no pianoforte) would like to meet accompanist for mutual practice. S.E. district.—Write R. M., c/o *Musical Times*.

'Cellist wanted (either sex) to join quartet for mutual practice.—Apply by letter to Miss M. JEWITT, 4, Westlock Grove, Stoney Rock Lane, Leeds.

Gentleman, good pianist, would like to join another pianist in duets (classical). Would also like to meet violinist or other instrumentalists for practice of chamber music.—Write, H. GILL, 6, Poole Road, Crossgates, Leeds.

Vocalist desires to meet pianist and accompanist for mutual practice. Classical and modern songs, &c., only. No 'shop' ballads. South Birmingham district.—J. E. R., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young gentleman (20), experienced dance pianist, would like to join dance orchestra.—Write W. G., 253, Aston Road, Birmingham.

Violinist (male, aged twenty-four) would like to meet good pianist, for mutual practice of classics. Manchester district.—M. C., c/o *Musical Times*.

New members are cordially invited to join the Bowes Park Orchestral Society. Vacancies in all sections.—Full particulars from the HON. SECRETARY, 119, Maidstone Road, N.11.

A lady singer would like to meet a good pianist for mutual practice one or two evenings weekly. N.W. district.—K., c/o *Musical Times*.

Good viola player and 'cellist (gentlemen) wanted to complete string quartet for mutual practice. London, S.W. district.—E. G., c/o *Musical Times*.

Letters to the Editor

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ELIZABETHAN COMPOSERS ON PURCELL

SIR,—Mr. Statham is mistaken when he says that 'Elizabethan composers . . . ignored bar accents because they had not got bars.' Bars are as old as the beginning of the 16th century, and superseded the *punctum divisionis* of the medieval musicians, which served much the same purpose. Bar lines do not alter the character of the music, but merely make it easier to read. If Mr. Statham wishes to find more modern instances of the non-coincidence of verbal and musical accent, he need go no further than the *St. John* Passion music. In the first chorus, 'Herr, unser Herrscher,' each word in turn occurs on every beat (bars 46-49). In the next chorus, 'Jesum von Nazareth,' the second syllable of the Holy Name is frequently accented. In the third chorus, 'Wäre dieser nich ein Uebeltheater,' the ultimate syllable of the noun occasionally falls on the first beat. In the chorus, 'Kreuzige,' the final syllable frequently occurs on the first beat. In the chorus, 'Läsest du diesen los,' 'kaiser' is sometimes accented on the second syllable; and the same remark applies to 'wider' and 'machet.' Was Bach influenced by the Elizabethan composers?

Since reading Mr. Statham's letter, I have taken the trouble to examine three hundred and eleven compositions by Elizabethan composers, and I find the 4 3 2 3 suspension in the final chord of only thirty-eight of these. In seventeen instances it is accompanied by 6 5 4 5, in four instances by 6 5, and is not so accompanied in the remaining seventeen.

Mr. Statham now admits that *Hear my prayer* is not 'one big phrase.' It is, as I said, a fugue on two subjects, with central cadence in the dominant. I know of no composition by Byrd in which one pair of themes is carried through to the end.

Mr. Statham persists in his assertion that the third of the final chord is omitted in *Hear my prayer*. I say it is there, in the first alto. The immediate repetition of a chord, complete or incomplete, does not transform it into another harmony.

Dr. Fellowes said that Purcell had scored a composition by an Elizabethan composer, and seemed to regard this as proof that he was influenced by these composers. I replied that familiarity was no proof of influence, and in this connection mentioned Wordsworth and Pope. (I might have referred to Wagner and Mendelssohn.) The name of this Elizabethan composer has no bearing on the argument, but this Mr. Statham somehow fails to see. I am sorry, but cannot help it. One point puzzles me exceedingly. As I remarked in my last letter, it was Mr. Holst, and not I, who said that Purcell was uninfluenced by the Elizabethan composers. Why, then, does not Mr. Statham tackle Mr. Holst, in whom he would find an opponent worthy of his steel, instead of directing his onslaught against such an insignificant individual as—Yours, &c.,

5, Richmond Mansions, ARTHUR T. FROGGATT.
Denton Road,
Twickenham.

June 5, 1923.

THE UNDERPAID ORGANIST

SIR,—In these days much is being said about the reform of church music, but one matter closely connected with it seems generally to be overlooked. I refer to the miserable sums paid to organists under the name of 'salaries.' Is there no society—the R.C.O., for example; no journal—perhaps the *Musical Times*; no prominent church official, which or who would 'get a move on'?

We are for ever hearing about the poorly-paid clergy, but do not rectors and vicars get a house rent-free, and the assistant-clergy receive from £250 to £300? Deans and canons receive very adequate remuneration—to what rate per working hour does it amount? Whereas cathedral organists have to work hard outside their church-work to earn a livelihood, and hundreds of parish church organists accompany three or four services on Sunday and conduct a daily choir practice for the sum of thirty shillings a week.

Is there no bishop, no dean, no society, no editor, no ex-organist with enough sense of justice to re-echo the words of the Master—'The labourer is worthy of his hire.'—Yours, &c., WYKEHAM.

[We are all for betterment of the organist's lot, but the case is not so simple as 'Wykeham' thinks it to be. This is not the place for discussing clerical questions, but we may point out that statistics which are beyond dispute show that the complaints as to poorly paid clergy are only too well grounded. Moreover, that 'house, rent-free' is often a doubtful blessing. Many a parson finds himself saddled with a vicarage so much too large for his needs that its upkeep costs him more than the rent of a suitable dwelling. The pay of organists is admittedly far too small, but in most cases it is as big as the parish exchequer can manage. And whereas the parson's is, or ought to be, a full-time job, the organist has ample opportunity for other work, either in business or as a teacher. 'Wykeham' says that 'hundreds of parish-church organists . . . conduct a daily choir practice for the sum of thirty shillings a week.' We should like to know his grounds for this statement. Apart from a few famous parish churches that belong rather to the Cathedral class, and where, of course, the salary is far more than thirty shillings a week, we doubt if there are a dozen where daily choir practice is the rule. Probably the average number of practices would work out at two for boys and one for full choir. We agree heartily with our correspondent in his claim for better conditions, but no good is done by overstatement of the case, and least of all by making unsound comparisons between the pay of parson and organist. And we believe there is a good deal in a view we recently heard expressed, to the effect that the average Cathedral organist,

considering the demands made on his time daily, and the responsibilities of his post, is as much underpaid as his brother in the parish church.—EDITOR.

SCIENTIFIC VOICE CULTURE

SIR,—As long ago as 1908 I published my first book on the voice, entitled *Science and Singing*. Therein I sought to show that the human voice is created by means of sinuses or air cells in the head, and not, as universally believed, by the vocal cords. The volume was the object of derision and contempt from the medical, musical, and scientific journals. Notwithstanding this unceremonious treatment, I have plodded on unceasingly in my quest for scientific truth as concerns the voice. In 1918 I published, through Messrs. Dent & Sons, *The Voice Beautiful*, and last year an enlarged edition appeared. You kindly reviewed the 1918 edition for me very carefully, your critic showing a perception and appreciation of the value of my work where many others had failed. I think, therefore, that it will interest you and your readers to know that in the course of a lecture given by Sir James Cantlie, at Harrod's Stores, on April 23; last, he is reported by the Press as saying: 'When a boy's voice breaks it depends upon the development of the air cells as to what sort of voice he has. It is nothing to do with the vocal cords.' I believe such a pronouncement has never before been made by the medical profession. It constitutes a complete reversal of their tenets and practice. It is a big step in the direction of definite and scientific voice culture, and the benefits which may result therefrom are too numerous to mention here.

'It is a long lane that has no turning' runs the old saw, and after a determined and continuous fight, lasting more than twenty years, it is some satisfaction to realise that, with the help of a few Press critics who were more far-seeing than the average, my work and system are at last being recognised in the medical as well as in the musical world.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST G. WHITE.

Eolian Hall Studios, W.1.

May 15, 1923.

VOICE FAILURE

SIR,—With reference to the cases of voice failure reported by Dr. Scripture it may be of general interest if I cite two others in my own experience.

The first, a few years back, was that of a lady whose two sons were killed in the war. She went to France to the death-bed of one of them at a French hospital, and the shock of his loss totally deprived her of her voice. This loss of voice, at the time I met her, had persisted for nine months, in spite of medical treatment and advice. I asked her to call. Then, working on the belief that the late Charles Lunn's theories as to the function of the false vocal cords were true, I made use of the *coup de glotte* to get the false cords again into action. In half an hour she was speaking practically perfectly, and ever since her voice has been quite right.

I might mention that this lady's nervous condition was rapidly growing serious owing to the subconscious irritability induced by the unhappy consequence of the loss of voice. Amongst other things her eyes were giving trouble. The removal of the vocal trouble also resulted in the cure of the reflex eye trouble.

The second case was that of a schoolboy of about ten years of age. His parents had spent fifty pounds in one term on medical advice, to no effect. The doctors had even advised an operation on the throat, and the little chap had been sent to a nursing home. There he had been given an anæsthetic and the surgeons had been prepared to operate, but finding nothing to do, they wisely left him alone. But this did not give him back his voice. Then he was brought to me—altogether about half-a-dozen times—and, again working on the false vocal cords, I had the satisfaction of finding his voice return. This cure, too, is permanent.

Perhaps, as my time does not now allow me to engage in vocal work, and so I may be acquitted in advance of any accusation of self-advertisement, I may be permitted to state two conclusions which are the net result of a good many years' work in connection with voice. The first is in favour of the general truth of Lunn's theory that the false

vocal cords have a very definite connection with voice, in the regulation of the breath, and the consequent relief of the true cords from all strain. I am fully aware that here I stir a hornet's nest, but I give my experience for what it may be worth. The two cases I have quoted were medical: I have substantiated the theory to my own satisfaction in several hundreds of other purely vocal cases. I also find that, working in this way, clergyman's sore throat is comparatively easy to cure. I am prepared to agree that the greatest care and discrimination are needed in the use and practice of the *coup de glotte*, and that in the absence of these much damage may easily arise.

The other conclusion is in connection with registers. Here I am in accord with Mr. Davidson Palmer, whose little book, *The Rightly Produced Voice*, has been on my shelves since 1898, and whose *Voice and its Development* is reviewed in the current issue of the *Musical Times*. I am satisfied that the secret lies in the cultivation and extending downwards of what is termed the falsetto voice. There is a spurious lower production, specially to be noted in contraltos and basses, which results in the development of a break; but I believe that there need never be this break if the falsetto-downwards type of training be adopted. In addition the advantages in ease and tone are most striking. I fancy that here we are getting a kind of synthesis of the labours of Mr. Palmer, Mr. Ernest G. White (of 'sinus' tone-production fame), and of Mr. Granville Humphreys with his 'nasal resonance' idea; and if these are super-imposed (with or without their consent!) on top of the basic idea of Charles Lunn, I think we arrive somewhere near the bed-rock of the much-debated question of voice-production.

At any rate, Sir, I venture to put forward these views, likely as they are to meet with strenuous comment, simply with the object of adding the net result of my experience to the common fund.—Yours, &c.,

London, W.4.

May 9, 1923.

H. ERNEST HUNT.

NO 'CUTS' WANTED

SIR,—In Mr. Holt's interesting article I was struck by his protest against the 'pigmy' order of composition. A short time ago I was present at a performance of the Schubert C major Symphony, and found, to my annoyance, that about a third of it had been coolly lopped off. Presumably the same spirit is behind recent suggestions that Wagner's operas should be drastically pruned, and I am reminded too of the policy of the Marionettes enterprise to reduce the show to a series of short variety items, two brief operas together being deemed too heavy.

These are further instances of what Mr. Holt, with entire justification, as I think, deplores.—Yours, &c.,

19, Cambridge Road,

Teddington,

June 11, 1923.

PAUL MEADOWS.

Sharps and Flats

The business of criticism is, in the case of the first-rate artist, to see him steadily and see him whole, and in the case of the second- or third-rate artist, to see him steadily and see him damned.—Ernest Newman.

Someone said to an operatic tenor the other day: 'Two hundred thousand persons crowded to see soccer in London the other day.' 'Socca?' said the warbler; 'Socca? What does he sing?'—Leonard Liebbling.

The only redeeming feature about English music is that in other countries it is quite as bad. Of composers there are none; of singers there are few; of conductors there are scarcely any; as for orchestras, they are almost non-existent.—Sir Thomas Beecham.

The London Symphony Orchestra is splendid. Absolutely first-rate.—Felix Weingartner.

So much has the art of music declined, that in the whole of Europe there is only one single player on the French horn who can play, not brilliantly, it is true, but accurately. You might say that is one too many; but you can't produce opera without one.—Sir Thomas Beecham.

I heard Mr. Hackett sing in *Tosca* on Saturday night, and I am more and more convinced that, alas! there was, and will be, only one Caruso.—*Hannen Swaffer*.

In the deep recesses of the Fen country, midway between Cambridge and Ely, there is a house of refreshment called 'Five miles from anywhere and no hurry.' It is for this most attractive spot that my soul yearns, and thither before long I hope it may attain.—*Sir Hugh Allen*.

The Beggar's Opera. 1,240th performance. Frederick Ralanow as Macbeth.—*Advertisement in London Paper*.

What we should really like to know is who's going to play Polly Peachum in the next revival of *Hamlet*.—*Punch*.

One doesn't expect musicians to have brains.—*James Agate*.

Welshmen sing hymns at football matches because there are no comic songs.—*Madoc Davies*.

Wales has her comic songs in spite of Mr. Madoc Davies's statement. . . . Mr. Davies seems never to have heard of 'Y Llygod yn chwarae,' 'Ond,' or 'Breniny Canibalyddion.'—*W. Jones*.

The invisible singer would be a great improvement all round. Nearly everyone looks more or less ridiculous when singing, as photographs of people taken in the act always show.—*Alan Harris*.

I first heard the bagpipes about a year ago, and since that time I have been trying hard to master them.—*Jascha Heifetz*.

To find the exact point at which the motor nerve forces join in the whole act of articulation and then to lose objective control by keeping it quite at this centre is the one desideratum of the vocal student.—*Whitney Tew*, in an article on *Singing*.

As for some of the precious critics, I wonder how they keep their jobs. The average intelligent journalist is much more capable of writing a concert notice than is a crusty critic. There are about five or six who rely on acid remarks, but the people who matter have thought well enough of the [Wolverhampton Musical] Society to invite them to London again.—*Joseph Lewis*, conductor of the *Wolverhampton Musical Society*.

. . . The very clever super-critics, who on the day of the Last Judgment might be relied on to find fault with Gabriel's trumpet playing—unless their own position is too hot. (Loud laughter.)—*Percy J. Adams*, President of the *Wolverhampton Musical Society*.

The Sonata by Lekeu . . . is peculiarly *spirituelle* in character, particularly the middle movement, 'Tres Lent,' which is sweetly redolent of that holy time.—*New Zealand Paper*.

BYRD TERCENTENARY: LINCOLN COMMEMORATION SERVICE

The service held in Lincoln Minster in commemoration of William Byrd will long be remembered by those who attended it as one of those unique occasions which impress themselves indelibly upon the memory. That the commemoration took the form of a service was fitting. Reflection bore in upon us the fact that here in one of the most beautiful and inspiring buildings in Europe we were doing what we could to bring before our minds one of the great personalities of a great age, one who had walked these very aisles and gazed up at the soaring roof. That William Byrd has been for so long neglected and unrecognised is, indeed, a tragedy; that one who, as has recently been said, stands alongside of Bach and Beethoven, should have been totally overlooked by his own countrymen for three hundred years, is a thing which could occur perhaps only in England, and is not much to our credit, but not altogether our fault. We must feel the deepest gratitude to those editorial scholars and enthusiasts who, like Dr. Fellowes, have been digging away for many years, and who, we hope, are only beginning to see the fruit of their labours, and to people like Dr. Bennett, of Lincoln, who, having caught the enthusiasm and recognised the magnitude of the discovery, set to work immediately after the Spring performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* to prepare for the Byrd Tercentenary. And we must all bear in mind

at present that in listening to this Byrd music it is probably all fresh field to the singers—the idiom is new, there is so much independence of rhythm in the parts. But the Lincoln Commemoration, with its choir of some two hundred voices, must have revealed to many the splendour and the unexpected beauties of Byrd's sacred music. The general impression made by reading his Church music is that he wrote not only with perfect technical mastery, but with a seriousness of aim and reverence for sacred things so strong that we cannot help being aware of the deep sincerity of his nature. It is much to be hoped that the rediscovery of his vocal music will give a spur to part-singing, both sacred and secular, in this country. There is little doubt that those who cultivate the acquaintance of Byrd's music, and sing it, will soon find their musical intelligence quickened, their sense of rhythm more keen, and their capacity for singing and reading all other forms of ecclesiastical music much improved. At Lincoln we were greatly impressed by the sincerity both of the music and of the singers. Like Beethoven at his greatest, Byrd aimed at the highest, which often produced a music which is baffling to the mind of the untrained listener. He worked for and aimed at an ideal, and just as it is not given to all to appreciate the beauties of Shakespeare, so the beauties of Byrd's music, like those of Bach, only reveal themselves fully to those who will take the trouble to find them, and it is becoming more and more clear that Byrd's skill and power are of the very highest order. The Lincoln choir certainly sang as if it was aware of this, and was proud of the fact.

The service began with the hymn, *All people that on earth do dwell*, after which the Precentor (the Archdeacon of Stow) monotoned the prayers, the last of which thankfully commemorated 'Thy servant William Byrd, who, devoting his skill to Thy service, did lead Thy praises in this Holy Place in his day and generation.' This was immediately followed by the Offertory for the Feast of All Saints, *Iustorum animæ*, an altogether appropriate work to start with. The great choir burst into song with splendid virility, and we were at once aware of big possibilities. One amongst many outstanding features of Byrd's music is his treatment of the words, and this was fully understood and brought out by the well-trained choir, which gave an extremely interesting reading of this beautiful anthem on broad and spacious lines. The music brought home to us with a certain serenity 'Iustorum animæ in manu Dei sunt,' and the pathetic and exquisite treatment of the following words '... insipientium mori' was equalled and surpassed only by the amazing beauty of the close 'Illi autem sunt in pace,' where the voices, calling to each other, come floating down one after another in perfect tranquillity. The solemn anthem *Bow Thine Ear* is so well-known as hardly to need comment, but we cannot refrain from mentioning the extraordinary effect produced by the reiteration of the bass phrase towards the end. The emotional intensity of this reiteration can hardly be appreciated until it is actually heard. Dr. Bennett's choir displayed admirable appreciation and restraint in the performance of this far-famed composition. *Come, come, help, O God* is another instance of Byrd's power of treating plaintive and pathetic words with perfect insight and sympathy. This was followed by the greatest possible contrast, *Sing joyfully*. The spirit of the words seems to be caught in every note of the music. It is difficult to imagine any anthem (as distinct from the carol) more full of joy and exhilaration and yet at the same time so dignified and noble. The whole work is a lesson in glorious rhythm and a perfect example of the right style for expressing joy. The vitality of Byrd's woven strands, the absolute dependence of one part upon another, were here fully illustrated. The last two pieces gave us another striking contrast in Byrd's emotional range, the choir singing both with splendid success. In the rapt intensity of the *Ave Verum Corpus* there is an atmosphere somewhat similar to what may be found in certain parts of the Masses, a music of deep spiritual import and supplicating faith, whereas in the Christmas carol, with its ringing repetitions of the Angels' song and the brilliant Alleluia, it is matter for wonder how a Christmas has ever been allowed to pass without it.

Of Dr. Alcock's playing we need hardly speak. All English organists know or have heard about his ripe musicianship. To him, as to Dr. Bennett, the vast audience owes a debt of gratitude. The Precentor asked all to contribute liberally not only towards a memorial tablet to be erected in the Minster to the memory of William Byrd, but also towards the Minster Restoration Fund. It is greatly to be hoped that a generous response was made, seeing that we had been given so much that will remain with us to uplift and inspire. For purposes of record the programme is appended:

Justorum Animæ	Byrd
Fantasia in C major	Byrd
Bow Thine Ear	Byrd
Fantasia in F minor	Mozart
Prelude and Fugue in A minor	J. S. Bach
Come, come, help, O God	Byrd
Sing joyfully unto God	Byrd
Good Friday Music—"Parsifal"	Wagner
Introduction and Fugue	Reubke
Pastorale	César Franck
Ave Verum Corpus	Byrd
This day Christ was born	Byrd
Marche Pontificale	C. M. Widor

N. P.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Nothing could be more appropriate than that a portion of the Brahms Trio for violin, horn, and pianoforte should have been played in memory of the late Adolph Borsdorf—for many years Professor of the horn both at the R.A.M. and the R.C.M.—who died on April 14, just before the opening of the summer term. As a youth Borsdorf first attracted attention at the Dresden Conservatoire by his playing of the horn part in Beethoven's Septet, but in England, associated with Joachim, he is specially remembered in connection with the Brahms Trio.

The *Andante* and *Scherzo* from this Trio were the first items of the chamber concert given at Duke's Hall on May 28, and were sympathetically played by Miss Enid Bailey (violin), Mr. Alfred Cursue (horn), and Mr. Ivor Foster (pianoforte). An excellent reading of the first two movements of Ireland's Sonata in A minor was given by Mr. Jean Pougnet and Miss Betty Humby, and Mr. Alfred Cave and Miss Madeleine Windsor were not less successful in the last two movements of César Franck's Sonata for the same instruments. The programme also included two movements from Saint-Saëns's Sonata for violoncello and pianoforte, Paderewski's *Theme varied* for pianoforte, the first movement of a M.S. Pianoforte Sonata, in B minor, by Miss Ivy Salaman (student), and songs by Franz, Graham Peel, A. C. Mackenzie, and J. B. McEwen.

An orchestral concert was given at Queen's Hall on Monday, June 18. The programme consisted of Brahms's second Symphony, the Prelude to Act 3, *Die Meistersinger*, Franck's Symphonic Variations for pianoforte and orchestra, played by Miss Annie Winter, Pianoforte Concerto in C sharp minor (Rimsky-Korsakov), played by Miss Elsie Betts, Violin Concerto in B minor (Saint-Saëns), played by Mr. Alfred Cave, and songs by Wagner and Goring Thomas.

The Sir Edward Cooper Prize (quartet playing) has been awarded to Messrs. Jean Pougnet, Wynford Reynolds, Harry Berly, and Frank Leonard; the Misses Lucie Andrews, Peggy Martin, Constance Richards, and Mr. Jack Shinbaum being highly commended. The adjudicator was Mr. W. H. Reed.

The Matthew Phillimore Prize (male pianists) has been awarded to Mr. Harry Isaacs (a native of London), Mr. Reginald King being very highly commended, and Mr. Gerard Moorat commended. The adjudicator was Mr. Brian Nash.

The Piatti Prize (violoncello playing) has been awarded to Mr. Jack Shinbaum (a native of Warsaw), Mr. Albert E. Killick being highly commended. The adjudicator was Mr. Ambrose Gauntlett.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

In future, A.R.C.M. examinations in all subjects are to be held three times instead of twice yearly, viz.: December-January, April, and September. The growth of this examination is shown by the fact that until recently an annual period was sufficient.

The Chappell Pianoforte Company is offering a gold medal for the best choice and performance of a recital programme, by Grade V., and an exhibition for Grade III. pianoforte pupils. The judges will be the Director and Mr. Ernest Newman.

A Mime Ballet by Ralph Greaves (student) was given a special matinee at the Winter Garden Theatre on June 12, under the direction of Lady George Cholmondeley.

The annual 'At Home' of the R.C.M. Union took place on June 21. The College building is hardly large enough to accommodate the numbers that flock to these genial gatherings.

Mr. W. W. Cobbett, that generous patron of chamber music, has offered £52 10s. in prizes for (a) the two best compositions of a Phantasy Quintet or Quartet for strings, (b) the best performances of the two winning compositions.

M. J.

TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

As might have been expected, the demand for tickets for the two performances of *The Pirates of Penzance* at King's Hall, Covent Garden, by the College operatic class under Mr. Cairns James, was such as to have exhausted the supply some days before the event. The quite delightful and meritorious work of both principals and chorus was heartily applauded.

The visit of the members of the London Society of Organists to the College on the occasion of a lecture-recital given by Dr. C. W. Pearce, assisted by Mr. L. Pecsai (violin) and Mr. L. Lebell ('cello), proved a most attractive occasion. Very special interest was attached to this lecture on 'The Use of the Organ in Chamber Music,' not only by reason of the eminence of the artists taking part, but also because of the music itself, which included Trios for organ, violin, and violoncello by C. F. Abel, Henry Purcell, and the lecturer.

There was a large gathering of candidates, parents, and friends, at the distribution by Mrs. A. G. Quigley of certificates and prizes at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Mr. A. G. Quigley, the curator of the Walker Art Gallery, presided, and Mr. C. N. H. Rodwell, the secretary of the College, also attended and spoke. The distribution was followed by a candidates' recital, which was greatly enjoyed.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL

There are those who scoff at the Handel Festival. Vain highbrows! The Festival is an overgrown giant, but nevertheless it has something to be said for it.

To begin with, the Triennial Crystal Palace Handel Festival is the only place where you can nowadays hear Handel. Handel is under a cloud, and the sun shines on him but once in three years, for the stray wintry gleams of a *Messiah* performance hardly count, *The Messiah* being performed as *The Messiah*, and as a part of the British themselves rather than as Handel. Now at the Festival this year could be heard not only *The Messiah*, but considerable chunks of *Israel*, *Jephtha*, *Samson*, *Acis and Galatea*, and *Alexander's Feast*, as well as smaller selections from *Atalanta*, *Rodelinda*, *Joshua*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Saul*, *Semele*, and the *Dettingen Te Deum*, with the *Water Music* (in Hamilton Harty's arrangement for modern orchestra) thrown in.

Unless we are to consider Handel as artistically dead and done for, surely there is in this comprehensive programme—listened to with attention by enormous audiences—a strong argument in favour of the continuance of the Festivals, and, as a fact, it seems very likely that they will continue, until, at last, Handel's summer returns, and he is allowed to disport himself in pleasant places beside his contemporary Bach—from whom he should never have been separated, on the principle that the two are not merely contemporaries, but also complementaries, and whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!

There is another argument for the Festival which can be put forth, though with a little more diffidence. Granted that monster performances of this kind (2,350 chorists, 360 band) cannot perform Handelian divisions with the slick flexibility that we would like, yet they have a character of their own, and the fine effects to be heard, though some would not journey weekly to Upper Norwood to hear them, are well worth the journey once in three years. The time will come when Handel will be taken up again by the 'crack' choirs of the country, by those smaller but highly efficient bodies which his Italian grace requires. When that day arrives we may begin to consider whether the purpose of the overgrown giant performances is done, and if it is we can say so frankly. Meantime let us be thankful for the Handel Festival.

The conductor this year was again Sir Frederic Cowen, the 'musical director' and organist was Mr. Walter W. Hedgecock, and the London Symphony Orchestra acted as the 'solo band,' supplemented by competent professional and amateur musicians in all the 'full' passages. (Where else, by the way, can we hear two hundred violins, fifty violas, forty violoncellos, and twenty-five basses bowing and scraping with more or less simultaneity? That alone is worth a once-in-three-years' visit.) The chorists came partly from London (two thousand five hundred), and partly from Sheffield, Leeds, Huddersfield, Hull, and Derby (trained by Dr. Coward), and from Cardiff (trained by Mr. Aylward).

The tone at the opening performance (the so-called 'General Rehearsal') was very good in every department, though not superlative. The balance was a good deal better than is often heard nowadays from choirs of reputation, since the proportions—640: 650: 520: 540 roughly—were a good deal nearer equality than is usual in this period of women choral enthusiasts and men slackers. Flexibility was quite reasonably good.

The solo vocalists are a pretty strong selection—Florence Austral, Agnes Nicholls, Phyllis Lett, Edna Thornton, Ben Davies, Walter Hyde, Frank Mullings, Norman Allin, Robert Radford, and Norman Williams.

Altogether I see no reason why the music critic should hang his head shamefacedly, and confess in a faint voice, 'Yes, he did just look in at the Handel Festival.'

P. A. S.

[The Festival takes place too late in the month for detailed notice of the later performances. We can do no more than add that the bulk of *Israel in Egypt* and selections from *Alexander's Feast* were splendidly sung on June 19, an immense audience being present, and that the subsequent fixtures were June 21 (Selection Day), and June 23, *The Messiah*. In all respects, the 1923 Festival promises to be even more successful than usual.—ED.]

THE OPERATIC SEASON

By now the public and the profession have formed a definite opinion of the British National Opera Company. They say: 'What a good thing it was born and how well it is growing up'; and having said so, they buy tickets to see it. Speaking without box-office information, one would say that the Covent Garden season has been good business. One has recollections of many crowded houses and only a single uncrowded house—a Saturday matinee of *Hansel and Gretel* for the children. A portentous repertory of twenty-four operas (uncompleted at the time of writing—*Tristan* and *Savitrî* remain) has been carried out at a consistently high level. Splendid singing has abounded, many fine personalities have been seen on the stage, and the producing and chorus work have left little wanting. Altogether the season has been a very fine feat of organization and artistic endeavour.

The landmarks in it have, of course, been *The Perfect Fool*, *Fête Galante*, and the 'Melba nights.' The two new operas are dealt with elsewhere in these columns, and Melba nights are—well, Melba nights. Hislop and Hackett did their bit towards them, and managed to shine with their own light at the same time. The 'guests' of the season have been a success. Mr. Anthony Bernard has been

prominent in the public eye with his quaintly devised scenery. It was quite refreshing to see *The Ring* without its old, old setting. The repertory of the season was an excellent list—no early Verdi, no *Parsifal*, no *Tannhäuser*, no *Lohengrin*.

London Concerts

SOME SINGERS OF THE MONTH

Madame Frieda Hempel at her Albert Hall concert looked so nice in a costume of 1850, and moreover sang so superlatively nicely, that one rather got over a first disapprobation of her cheekiness in calling the entertainment a 'Jenny Lind Concert.' How much like Jenny Lind is she? Of Patti, Tamagno, Maurel, we do know something on the strength of which to imagine them in their prime. But in 'impersonating' Jenny Lind Madame Hempel was fairly safe, for who survives to-day with a clear impression of Jenny Lind at her prime? The 'taste' of this impersonation offended some, while others found it innocuous enough. Anyhow, a 'Frieda Hempel concert' is good enough for me. This delicate voice of hers is large enough for any of her purposes. It was quite adequate for the Albert Hall—it is all pure tone. How admirable are her technical ease and unaffected serenity! Never once did she force this sweet voice. Her effects were made by varying devices of brightness, softness, and sonority. There is no mannerism in her singing—nothing that would make one say of a gramophone record by her, 'Of course that is Hempel.' She simply beguiles the ear with perfect equality of utterance, an exquisite *cantabile* (springing from faultless breath-control) and her true sense of style. She is above all a lyric soprano. Memories of her *Ave Maria* of Schubert, and *The Nut-tree* of Schumann, linger when we half forget her display of adroitness in Bellini's *Casta Diva* and the aria with two flutes from Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* (this was taking us back to mid-Victorianism with a vengeance). In the one field she is incomparable; in the other she has numerous rivals. *The Norwegian Herdsman's Song*—generally known as the *Echo Song*—and Taubert's *Bird Song* were among the curiosities of the past for which the singer's costume was the excuse. Mr. Conrad V. Bon accompanied—likewise in fancy dress; and the flautists were similarly decked.

An American tenor of English extraction, Mr. Mario Chamlee, was heard in the same hall. He is one of some half-dozen young tenors who are no doubt eyeing Caruso's still vacant place (Martinelli, Gigli, and Hackett are other aspirants). Mr. Chamlee has, like Caruso, a good deal of rich, dark baritone quality in his voice, and, like Caruso, he never offends by letting us know where his registers meet. His scale is equitable. All his singing was full-throated. His low C had character and depth, his high C was intense and true. Between, there was a well-judged tensility which gave each note due weight and significance. What a pleasure such a technique ensures! One begins to feel certain of not being likely to be pulled up at every other bar or so with some flaw—in that state the listener can without apprehension enjoy music. In passing one could not but wonder at so short a man housing so large a voice. Mr. Chamlee did not spare himself, but even at his most fiery moments a reserve of strength was felt, and every time he hit the note on the middle of its head, so to speak. Of course, he commands an admirable *legato*—the backbone of this sort of singing. One could not tell from his programme ('The Flower Song' from *Carmen*, Rodolphe's song from Act I of *La Bohème*, &c.), what his musical intelligence is—these words of mine bear on his physical and technical equipment. He sang English so well that his name might be spelt Chalmorndely.

The art of Miss Astra Desmond, for some little time known as possessing one of the most beautiful of contemporary voices, is most interestingly maturing. At Wigmore Hall she sang a musicianly choice of songs. She possesses the rare power among contraltos of varying the intensity of her voice without spoiling its quality, and can give us continuity of tone without disconcerting jumps from chest to head register. Miss Desmond breathes

and calmly, and by maintaining a steady pressure her tongue acts freely, and her enunciation is consequently incisive. Unlike most singers with heavy voices, she does not attempt to grip her tone with the muscles at the back of the tongue. Hence there is in her voice at times a brightness which a soprano might envy, as well as the depth of its natural beauty. She did nothing better than some Hebridean folk-songs, sung with a range from serious dignity to passionate full-throated appeal. There was a new song of Cyril Scott's, *In the Silver Moonbeams*, and two Shakespeare settings of Castelnuovo-Tedesco.

Madame Marguerite d'Alvarez sang at Queen's Hall after a long absence, and seemed to have tamed her magnificent contralto voice considerably in the meantime. If some of the old fire was lacking, there was compensation in added subtlety and more judicious technical management. She was farthest from her best in *Softly awakes my heart*, which was mannered, overdone with *rubato*, and not in tune. But in Herbert Hughes's *Men from the Fields* she sang with a lovely silken *mezza-voce*. In a group of Spanish pieces Madame d'Alvarez used her sumptuous voice to the full. The programme was far too mixed to win praise. But who sings Debussy's erotic *Chevelure* like d'Alvarez?

A baritone from Finland, Mr. Helge Lindberg, sang at Æolian Hall with a remarkably large, and indeed magnificent voice. His low notes a bass might envy. He sang with clearly attractive intentions, his *legato* was assured, and his soft tones were surprisingly slender and pure. Nevertheless there was much in his singing that needs modification if he is going to reach the rank his gifts seem to promise. At present he prepares his effects much too obviously, and those effects are exaggerated. He is no illusionist. His explosive, mannered consonants were a detraction. So were his tearing expletives, and there was exaggeration in his way of hurling his voice, as it were, to the wide skies. His manner of standing with hunched-up shoulders as he sang was not to be approved. At both concerts he introduced songs of his own land, and at the second he ranged from Handel to Hugo Wolf, and included Moussorgsky's *Songs of Death*.

Miss Maria Sandra—the *nom de guerre* of a young London singer—was heard at the same hall. She has been well trained, but at present is obviously thinking too much of technique, and so is not yet making the most of a really good soprano voice. In *Didò's Lament* she showed for a moment a well-controlled *mezza-voce*, and yet hardly once after did she call it in aid. Thus she missed her chance in the lovely old song *Have ye seen but a white lily grow?* which depends so much on finely tapered singing. Her concert thus became after a time rather monotonous. Fauré's beautiful *Après un Rêve* was sung effectively, but Debussy's *Mandoline* was not nearly fine enough. Miss Sandra's production was easy, and her Italian and English were commendably free from improper double vowels.

On the same evening I heard for a few minutes Mr. R. Barry-Mason, a new-comer. He has early learnt self-restraint, indeed there was too little sign of underlying fire when the text grew impassioned. He seemed thoroughly afraid of giving out his voice—but unnecessarily, for the quality, when anything did reach the ears, was decidedly agreeable. Yet even light tenors should command a certain weight, and this young man has as yet no notion of sustaining any considerable tone. Mr. Roger Quilter accompanied some of his own songs.

Mr. Watcyn Watcyns, a baritone from Wales, is on the threshold of his career, but already has a considerable command over himself, and this came out in his singing at Æolian Hall. Effects came to him without striving, and especially in Caldara's *Come Raggio di Sol* his fine fresh voice was to be admired. This performance was suave, well spaced, and sung with the proper classical style. There is not yet enough dynamic quality in this young singer's voice when in full song, but there was not a hint of the beginner's usual horrid tendency to force high notes. Later he will no doubt experiment more. One felt that he has been in sound hands, and is right at this stage to conserve his forces. His high, covered tones were beautiful, but later on

he will be able to afford to open occasionally on D or even E flat. His diction in various languages was accurate and reasonably clear. We were told that the young man had been a Welsh Guardsman, and was the 'discovery' of his company commander. To sing so well, he must have worked hard and with a clear head.

Miss Ursula Nettleship, who sang at Steinway Hall, is distinguished for the musicianly choice of her programmes, and for a certain pleasing, sincere spirit in the rendering of them. Her voice is free, and her high notes soaring and sweet. Sometimes style and voice vaguely brought Miss Dorothy Silk to mind, especially as the first programme drew mostly on the 17th century, but there was a shade too little of vividness of personality, and as the programme went on a slight sense of monotony stole over the audience.

Miss Norah Pasley (soprano), at Wigmore Hall, displayed no specially remarkable gifts. A pretty voice; but it lacked warmth of colour and intensity. Her high notes were good, her diction slipshod.

Mr. Leslie Jones, at Æolian Hall, showed he had a useful bass-baritone voice that still wants much cultivation. Towards the finer manners of song—an easy *legato*, a well graduated *mezza di voce*, even a good *mezza voce*—he showed little leaning. The programme was not good.

A Jewish cantor, Mr. Joseph Rosenblatt, at Queen's Hall sang unconventionally and indeed inexpertly, but an audience of his co-religionists were wildly excited. He possesses a fine tenor voice, and the effects he got in some Yiddish and Hebrew sacred pieces were curiously Oriental. If he had not essayed Western music one would not dare to criticise. But his singing of Handel (an Aria from *The Messiah*) and Gluck (*O del mio dolce ardor*) was completely unfeeling—he might have been churning butter—and was full of technical flaws. It was audacious to attempt to sing in English at his present stage in the acquirement of our language.

H. J. K.

A PUPILS' CONCERT

Notices of pupils' concerts are not useful, for nerves always play so unfair a part, and a teacher's most carefully-laid plans are as often as not wrecked at the critical moment, old bad habits springing up under the strain of the ordeal. Yet enough was heard at the concert of Miss Margaret Baldock's pupils at Kensington Town Hall to show that they are on the right lines. It is only fair to judge a teacher by her best pupils, and the Misses Stella and Brenda Wootton and Mrs. Richard Hayes certainly did Miss Baldock credit, and Miss Anastasia Derriman showed a lively temperament. Among others there was that sign of immaturity, the rigid jaw—the measure of a pupil's incapacity to rely on his breathing apparatus for support—which is the teacher's bane, but such a teacher as Miss Baldock will of course put that right duly. X.

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

The programme on June 13 attracted and very much pleased a large audience. It opened with Jane M. Joseph's *Festival Venite*—on the whole a rather sombre musical presentation of the words. A ground-bass is a prominent feature at the opening, and later. The passage 'For He is the Lord our God' is set for men's voices, accompanied by women's voices vocalising on 'ah.' The use of the ground-bass in the final section is imposing. The setting of the words almost throughout strikes one as rigid. Natural verbal rhythm seems to be ignored. The orchestral colouring is somewhat severe, and not much relieved by one or two touches of cymbals. The idiom in some places is reminiscent of the composer's teacher, Holst.

Three movements from Palestrina's six-part *Missa Papae Marcelli* were in several ways well sung, but there was a lack of blend. The basses were generally weak, and the tenors sometimes projected from the otherwise smooth stream of sound. Holst's *Rig Veda* (Group 4) for men's voices begins to sound rather naively jog-trot. It is, on the whole, commonplace. These pieces were badly sung and warmly applauded. Bach's *Sing ye* received what may be called a good, rough performance, the two choirs each having an internal lack of perfect balance. The sopranos were very clear and ringing on their high B flat at the end.

Bax's *Mater, ora filium* was a big thing to follow this last-mentioned great choral effort. It was not so perfectly sung as on the occasion when Mr. Kennedy Scott gave it its first performance. Nevertheless it made a fine effect.

Harold Samuel played a set of Elizabethan English pieces, and joined the Euterpe String Players in Bach's D minor Concerto. The playing of the strings was somewhat pointless, but good things may be expected of this still young body when it has gained further experience.

P. A. S.

MR. HOWARD-JONES'S RECITAL

Like his reputation Mr. Howard-Jones's playing is solid. Nothing is left to chance; we can be sure that his performances are according to plan, that his faultless fingers are carrying out the instructions of a far-seeing brain. It is not a criticism, but a description, to say that his normal dynamic power is a strong *mezzo-forte*, which is subject to too little variation towards *piano* and too much towards *fortissimo*. If we except the preponderance of right hand over left, and a curious misuse of the sustaining pedal, his technique gives a feeling of absolute safety. In interpretation, however, the impossibility of extravagance and the absence of risk, as it were, are not unmixed blessings. At the Wigmore Hall recital on June 9, a varied programme lacked variation by lacking characterisation. Mr. Howard-Jones romanticised Bach, and the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue were given a similar character to the Op. 109 Sonata of Beethoven, which the player does not seem to understand. In more purely pianistic music he had greater success. The Sonata Op. 2, No. 3, was admirably interpreted, and so later were *The Hill Tune* and *Burlesque* of Bax. The high-water mark was the performance of John Ireland's *Ragamuffin*, and the low-water mark the charming Harpsichord Dance which Delius published in an early number of *Music and Letters*. Here Mr. Howard-Jones missed the point not only of the rhythm but also of the exquisite harmonies, particularly those of the cadence. A new piece by Mr. Ireland, called (enigmatically) *Equinox*, was played, and seemed to be distinguished more for its energy than for its purely musical qualities. H. J. F.

A PROMISING VIOLINIST

Mr. William Primrose is a violinist of the kind that might make any critic eat his words in two or three years. He is, we understand, only nineteen, and already he has the beginning and middle, but not quite the end, of a masterly technique. At his concert on Tuesday, June 5, at Queen's Hall, he afforded, however, no indications that he would develop that only qualification of the great executant—the ability to play great works by others almost as if they had issued from the player's own mind. True, he gave no signs that he would not develop it, and in one view at least the probability is in his favour. As a first big concert this was undoubtedly a remarkable achievement. Having warmed up the Albert Hall orchestra and himself in a spirited performance of *Don Juan*, Sir Landon Ronald helped the soloist in a very good reading of Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*, which suits Mr. Primrose better than the more musical, more intellectual, more difficult Concerto of Elgar. With every congratulation to a young and highly-promising violinist on his achievement, it must be said that the total effect of this Concerto was not that of Elgar's work, and this was partly due to the conductor, who led the soloist when he thought he would and at other times drowned him. The brass was too heavy, and the climaxes overweighted, but the great loss lay in the ubiquitous absence of the brooding spirit which is summed up in the *cadenza accompagnata*. Technically, Mr. Primrose lacks rhythmic ability, and his phrases have not quite the shapeliness they deserve, mainly owing to excessive *rubato*. He has an instinct for *portamento*, which he should curb, and his normal *tremolo* is so heavy that on the G string his instrument gives off a sound like a bad *vox humana*. Beyond this he shows very great promise.

H. J. F.

A notice of the Weingartner concerts, by Mr. Ernest Newman, arrived too late for insertion in its proper place. It will be found on page 503.

Erratum.—In our last month's concert notices, for Paula Hegner read Anna Hegner.

Competition Festival Record

There is room for a book on the Competition Festival movement. Such a book would begin with a brief historical chapter, would discuss the various problems incident to a movement of such rapid and widespread growth, and would be rounded off with a glance into the future—a glance compounded of prophecy and practical suggestion.

Mr. Ernest Fowles's *Musical Competition Festivals* (Kegan Paul, 4s. 6d.) contains much that is of interest, but is not the book for which we have been waiting. *Imprimis*, it digresses a great deal too much. Mr. Fowles admits this, saying on his last page that the book 'may even be regarded as a masterpiece in the art of digression.' But a cheerful plea of guilty does not remove the offence, and the fact remains that many pages seem to have been lifted from primers on pianoforte playing, scale practice, and various kinds of 'aural' study. (Blessed word, 'aural'! It is becoming as much an obsession as 'appreciation' was a year or so ago.) The over-emphasis on the pianoforte side of the competition festival is a real blemish. Mr. Fowles avows his enthusiasm for the festival movement, but his cursory dismissal of the choral side shows that he has not yet grasped its full significance. Lest this pronouncement may seem to do him injustice, I quote the passage:

It is not yet adequately realised how essential to a well-equipped competitive festival is the provision of properly organized pianoforte classes. The gigantic strides made during the last decade or so in the cultivation of what, in the truest sense, may be called the musical instrument of the home is a sufficient warrant for the national interest in this most generally useful of all the means for making music. In not a few centres, the culminating if not the only feature of widespread public concern is the more spectacular side of choral work. He would indeed be obtuse who would say aught against the exhilarating delights of concerted singing. It is, it must be, a prominent item in the curriculum of every festival. It is destined yet to do great and ever greater things in the cause of music. Nevertheless, work of this kind is not representative of daily effort in the privacy of the study. The adjudicator who descants upon choral singing is fully aware that he is addressing people who meet together at various intervals of time in mutual love for collective self-expression. He cannot, if he would, deal with them individually. He remembers that, in the main, their efforts depend upon the organization of rehearsals in which the individual is absorbed within the mass. The adjudicator of the solo instrumental class has a very different experience. He knows that he is listening to the work of young people which has its origin in the daily round, not perhaps of drudgery in the exact sense of the word, but, at all events, of closely concentrated personal and private effort.

Now, there are many prominent workers in festival circles who regard pianoforte solo classes as the weakest side of the movement, and there are others who object to all solo classes, vocal and instrumental. They are able to give excellent reasons for their view, but I think that the arguments in favour of solo classes are sounder. Everybody knows that the taste of soloists—especially vocal—and their special public is deplorably low. This being so, it is obvious that a few years of thoroughly good festival syllabuses will do for the general taste in songs and instrumental solos what they have done for taste in choral music. Let us have solo classes by all means, and the more popular the instrument the greater the

need. But the real spirit of the festival movement can be shown fully only in concerted work, whether by brass bands, orchestras, or choirs. And as the competition festival is the only really democratic music-making to-day it follows that choralism, involving as it does the minimum of cost, will be the main feature. Choralism, too, deserves the position on other grounds. No other form of music so quickly yields good results, given a skilful teacher and an enthusiastic choir. A body of average men and women can in a few months yield a musical result compared with that of a twelve-months' pianist or violinist is a series of desolating noises. And at a stage in his study when the instrumental soloist is still engaged with puerilities the choralist is getting at the heart of masterpieces of all styles, sizes, and periods. Moreover, of a hundred young pianists the great majority never get beyond the strumming point—a fact that would matter little if they at once locked their piano and lost the key. But they don't. They go on strumming till the end of the chapter, whereas the choralist who suffers from arrested development is heard no more—at all events as a choralist. He may become a tenth-rate soloist, and go to swell the classes that give adjudicators the time of their lives.

As for that 'daily effort in the privacy of the study,' it may or may not be a good thing. But I fancy we are gradually coming to see that the time ten-year-old Elaine spends in getting up a 'piece' on the pianoforte is of infinitely less value to her musical development than half the time spent in a well directed class of some kind—whether of singing, eurhythmics, or 'appreciation.' And when, having won a medal or certificate with her performance of *Teddy Bear's Waltz*, Elaine is photographed by the *Daily Pictorial* as a kind of prodigy, harm is done to both music and Elaine, and the opponents of the festival movement are provided with another round of ammunition.

Mr. Fowles has a chapter headed 'The Scale Problem.' If there be a 'problem' of the kind in the competitive festival, it can and should be solved in the simplest of ways. So barren and mechanical a contest should have no place in the syllabus of an event which calls itself musical and festive. If trophies are to be given for scale playing, why not for Eggeling finger exercises? We might even have a cup for the competitor who shows himself most skilful in the use of the 'Techniquer' or any other mechanical device. Clearly the vocal soloists should also have a chance of showing their paces with scales and Concone's exercises, and choirs should compete with breathing exercises and studies in chording. They never do, of course, because the competitive festival is concerned with the results of technique, not with technique as an end in itself.

I am glad to see Mr. Fowles is opposed to the habit of applauding individual competitors. He gives good reasons for his objections. I venture to add one which has nothing to do with musical considerations. One sometimes sees a string of children received with salvos from cousins, sisters, and aunts, after which a nervous kiddie enters in dead silence, and leaves the platform to a mere spatter of handclapping for no better reason than that she has no cluster of relatives and friends present to make a demonstration. It is a painful experience, and makes one agree with Mr. Fowles that there should be no applause until the last competitor has been heard. Then let there be a hearty round for the class as a whole. I have more than once

suggested this to an audience, and have always found the idea sympathetically received. Mr. Fowles is right, too, in his objection to 'cuts' and to a judge making too frequent use of the right to stop an incompetent performer. Unfortunately the time-table sometimes makes 'cuts' necessary. The remedy is in the hands of the festival committee, and especially of the choosers of the test-pieces. Long works in which there is a good deal of repetition should never be chosen. The stopping of a competitor as soon as a judgment is formed is liable to lead to injustice except in very bad cases. Even these should be heard to the bitter end if possible. Who needs good advice more than the incompetent? We have no right to assume that any player is past help.

Speaking of the judge's address at the close of a competition Mr. Fowles is of opinion that his remarks should be 'of a general character and thoroughly impersonal.' He thinks that feelings are hurt if the judge ladles out praise and blame to individuals. Surely he is unduly tender. My experience is that the audience and competitors alike wish to hear not only the judge's general comments but also his criticisms on each performer, and in cases where time has not permitted of this being done there is usually complaint. Moreover, the mention of individual faults and the suggestions for their cure have an educational value, and if the job is done pleasantly and tactfully there need be no offence. Indeed, there are cases when personal criticism is essential. One often hears an indifferent competitor loudly applauded on the strength of some cheap effect at the close of a test—a good high note or a brilliant bit of passage playing—whereas the bulk of the work has been far below that of some less showy performer. Here is where the audience, no less than the competitor, will benefit from frank detailed criticism. If we are to make the most of the festival as a training ground for listeners, judges must be prepared to show the audience the critical grounds on which they have arrived at the final placing of the competitors. The educational advantages of this are so great that the risk of a few injured feelings must not be allowed to interfere with it.

Faced with a thoroughly bad lot of test-pieces, ought an adjudicator to express his views thereon in public? Mr. Fowles answers with an emphatic 'No.' He says:

The unwritten law of courtesy is as integral to the expression of opinion upon the public platform as to the advancement of personal views in private life. When the music chosen for a festival is considered generally to be of comparatively poor quality, the adjudicator should make the fact the basis of a strictly private report to the organizers. Under no conceivable circumstances should he refer to the subject in his remarks from the chair of adjudication.

I have heard this question hotly debated by judges and organizers, usually with no conclusive result. Isn't it a question of degree? Mr. Fowles, be it observed, speaks of music 'considered generally to be of comparatively poor quality.' The qualifying terms 'generally' and 'comparatively' dodge the issue. What is the judge to do when the music is of rank bad quality? A private report to the organizers may or may not lead to an improvement, but meanwhile scores of competitors and hundreds of listeners have gone home persuaded that the test-pieces were not bad, but good. They know that the festival has for one of its objects the spread of

good music, and they will be delighted to find their liking for sentimental ballads and tinkling pianoforte pieces backed up by festival authorities. In such cases as this, where there can be no question as to the badness of the choice, courtesy must take a back seat. The judge's obligation is to the art and to the public, not to the local committee; and he must not shirk his duty. With tact, it can be done with little or no offence. But done it must be.

I said above that the ideal book on the Festival movement would take a glance at the future. Mr. Fowles does this in the chapter headed 'Possible Developments.' He outlines five—a test prepared by competitors without aid from teachers or friends, a class for listeners, an extemporisation class, the provision of lectures in connection with the Festival, and the formation of local music societies for keeping alive and developing the work done at the competitions. But on the whole the book will be most useful to pianists, and especially to such as enter for competitions. There is nothing for singers, conductors, or chamber music players. I am particularly sorry that Mr. Fowles overlooks one of the most important and certainly the most delightful of all classes—the children's choirs. What is a string of immature pianists compared with a well-trained choir of kiddies? The superiority is not on musical grounds alone: children are better employed in team work than as soloists. No youngster ever had his head turned by being a member of a good choir, whereas your twelve-year-old medallists can hardly avoid being the worse for their success.

Mr. Fowles's book has the right note of enthusiasm, though with rather a windy style at times. And I note with pain that he speaks of young pianists 'playing their pieces *literally* from hand to mouth'—a method that surely calls for a new kind of technique.

H. G.

THE BLACKPOOL SYLLABUS

October 15-20

The outstanding feature of this year's syllabus is the initiation of the 'Blackpool Musical Festival Scholarship.' This is open to all vocal or instrumental soloists over eighteen and under twenty-five years of age on September 1. It is tenable at the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music (in London), the Royal Manchester College of Music, or such other institution as the Committee may decide. The recipient need not necessarily be a prize-winner at the Festival. The Elizabethan side of the week, introduced last year, is now extended from a solitary solo class to duets, trios, and quartets. The string competitions draw upon the Sonatas of Purcell, G minor; Geminiani, A major; Tartini, G minor; Viotti, A minor Concerto; Martini, Sonata for Alto; John Ireland's Trio No. 2; and Haydn's G major Quartet (Op. 76, No. 1). The open pianoforte solo is Beethoven's D minor Sonata (Op. 31, No. 2). The string and pianoforte classes have never before included such music.

THE SONGS

The vocalists have each to prepare three widely-contrasted songs, each a test itself in its particular style:

Soprano: *Thou monstrous fiend*, from *Fidelio* (Beethoven); *Dreaming and At Sea* (Hamilton Harty, *Songs of Ireland*).

Mezzo-Soprano: *Trepak* (Moussorgsky); *Ah, my love*, from *Così fan tutte* (Mozart); *Dream Valley* (Quilter).

Contralto: *Yemeroshka's Song* (Moussorgsky); *It is finished*, from *St. John Passion* (Bach); *Stand face to face, friend*, from *Sappho Songs* (Bantock).

Tenor: *Pan is victor*, from *Phobus and Pan* (Bach); *By the Sea* (Schubert); *The Faun* (Bantock).

Baritone: *Field-Marshal Death* (Moussorgsky); *Dream in the twilight* (Strauss); *'Tis He Who all alone*, from *God goeth up* (Bach).

Bass: *Ossmin's Air*, from *Il Seraglio* (Mozart); *Arise, ye subterranean winds* (Purcell); *The Valley* (Strauss).

CHORAL PIECES

In the chief classes these are as follows:

Female-Voice Choirs: *Sing ye praises to the Highest* (Brahms, Op. 37, No. 2); *Happy Isle* (Bantock); *Praise to the Holiest*, from *Gerontius* (Elgar).

Male-Voice Choirs: *Address to the Devil* (Bantock); *The Boar's Head* (Bax, 15th-century carol, first time); *Through Eastern Gates* (Bantock); *Britain, ask of thyself*, from *Coronation Ode* (Elgar).

Mixed-Voice Choirs: *What is our life* (Orlando Gibbons); *Oldwest wind* (Elgar); *There is an Old Belief* (Elgar); *These sweeter far than lilies are* (Walford Davies).

BOURNEVILLE WORKS MUSICAL FESTIVAL, June 13 to 16.—Promoted primarily for the benefit of employees at Bourneville works, this four-day Festival opened its doors to outside competitors on the closing day, when Dr. A. H. Brewer was the adjudicator. In nearly every case the unusual experience of singing in the open-air influenced the performances adversely. Commenting on this, Dr. Brewer suggested occasional rehearsals out-of-doors. In the choral class for children (twelve to sixteen years old), the winning choir (the Rev. R. Eaton's St. Paul's College girls) displayed voices of remarkable power and maturity, along with refined diction and sense of style. The choice of test-pieces inclined to be accommodating in the matter of quality, the Church and Chapel choirs having nothing better to sing than Gaul's *The Silent Land*. The mixed-voice choirs, however, were more fortunate, having Benet's beautiful madrigal *Flow! Oh my tears* among their tests. Full marks were awarded Mr. E. Dunton's Willenhall Choir for an interpretation practically perfect in every point. Dr. Brewer said that he had never before found himself in a position to make such an award. In the singing by Male-Voice Choirs of Elgar's *Reveille* and Stanford's *Autumn Leaves* the old local fault of distorted vowel sounds crept in, and did much to dispel the atmosphere created by imaginatively conceived singing. Mr. G. H. Woodall, with his Coombs Wood Choir, reaped the honours to which he is no stranger. Dramatic competitions were a feature of the day. They were unusually ambitious, concluding with performances of one-Act plays and excerpts on a well-fitted stage. Mr. R. Crompton Rhodes, adjudicating on these, found a great advance on the work of the previous festival. G. W.

CANADA.—Prof. Granville Bantock, Mr. H. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Tertius Noble were the adjudicators at the Manitoba Festival, held early in May. They found the choral singing excellent. Winnipeg Male-Voice Choir was recommended to visit England as a good advertisement for Canada and Winnipeg. The solo singing was adjudged 'not so good as at Toronto' (where Prof. Bantock and Mr. Greene had attended during the previous week). The children aroused the judges' interest by the 'way they walked on and off the platform without seeming embarrassed'; and the children's choirs challenged comparison with the best that could be heard anywhere. Massed children, a thousand strong, sang under Prof. Bantock's guidance, with Mr. Noble at the pianoforte. The concluding event was a prize-winners' concert, at which Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor, gave the prizes. The competitions at Toronto were the first annual Festival of the Ontario Musical Association for Competitive Festivals.

CORNWALL.—This Festival, of which Lady Mary Trefusis is the chief organizer, was held with great success at Liskeard on May 17 and 18. Mr. T. F. Dunhill adjudicated and awarded the chief prizes to St. Blazey Girls' School Mabe Male-Voice Choir, St. Austell County School Girls Camborne Ladies' Choir, Mylor Choral Society, and Truro Philharmonic Society.

HULL.—One of the features of this three-day Festival (May 24-26) was a madrigal singing competition that observed the Byrd centenary. Dr. Vaughan Williams heard the choirs sing *While that the sun and Lullaby, my sweet little baby*, and placed Needler's Musical Society first, with the Alexandra Choralists second. The best choir in the open Challenge Shield Class was Hessele Madrigal Choir. Hull Gleemen were first in the male-voice section.

LYTHAM FESTIVAL (June 7-9).—For the first time in its long history this meeting has a chance to develop on lines more in accordance with its neighbours on the Lancashire seaboard. The new pavilion in the Lowther Gardens is superior in every way to the old one on the Pier, and wet days now hold no terrors for those in charge of the numerous juvenile choirs. These performances by the youngsters were the most satisfactory features of the Festival. Their music (save for Purcell's *I attempt from love's sickness to fly*—allotted to girls under sixteen years!) was good in every way, and the emergence of Mr. T. L. Duerden as a trainer of St. John's Parish Church choir-boys of Blackburn carries us back to a similar period in the development of those famous Blackpool school musicians of pre-war days, Messrs. Rigby and J. P. Ogden. The vocal solos chosen in the adult classes contained far too great a proportion of songs too frail to stand the battering of constant repetition. Not everything that fits beautifully into a recital-scheme is a Sol-fa choice for festival purposes, even though it fulfil some function as a voice test. Again Blackburn revealed the possession of two women singers who, given persistent study, should do great things in the future—Miss Embley, an essentially natural soprano singer, and Miss Anne Howarth, a contralto, who was quite at home in such a thing as Parry's *Dirge in Woods*. The mixed-voice choral singing had plenty of musical interest, but none of a competitive order, as only two choirs appeared. Of the male choirs who sang Jenkins's *Sea Fever*, two (as at Southport last month) excelled—Manchester Orpheus and Hebden Bridge—chiefly by virtue of emotional control. The string orchestral playing found Blackburn again to the fore in the Suite from Sonatas by Boyce, arranged by Parry: altogether it looked as though the festival centre of gravity in Lancashire had shifted from the breezy coast towns to the smoke and clangour of the manufacturing centres of East Lancashire. The raw material has always been there in abundance; latterly it has lacked guidance of first-rate order. Now this defect looks like finding a remedy, with Mr. Duerden (juveniles), Dr. Brearley (choral), and Mr. E. O'Malley (string orchestras) in charge. Happy the district that can produce in time of need men or women who can co-ordinate such forces. Reliance on a purely all-English scheme of music proved no more successful here than elsewhere.

C. H. MATLOCK BATH.—A competitive Festival is to be held here on September 7 and 8 next. The hon. secretaries are Messrs. E. Newbold and E. Randle, Festival Office, Pavilion Chambers, Matlock, Bath.

NEWCASTLE.—With over a hundred competitions to be decided the North of England Musical Tournament lasted seven days (May 12 to 19), and kept a number of adjudicators busy. The widespread syllabus catered for all kinds of musical people, with folk-dancers and amateur actors, and an all-round entry list resulted. The chief awards were made to Benton Orchestral Society, Gateshead C.N.E.R. Temperance Choir, Wallsend Male-Voice Choir, and Esh Winning P.M. Choir. At the final concert Dr. Vaughan Williams conducted massed choirs in Bach's *Bide with us*.

NORWICH.—The first Norfolk Musical Competition Festival was held on May 25 and 26 with a success which promised well for the future. As is usual at first festivals there were abundant solo singers and players, but few choirs. It is chiefly to encourage the formation of choirs that competition meetings are held, and no doubt the practice of choral singing will develop under the new stimulus in Norfolk as it has always done elsewhere. Some of the chief awards went to Upton Choral Society, Norwich Literary and Commercial Institute, Princess' Street Congregational Church, and Cromer Amateur Orchestral Society.

PEOPLE'S PALACE (EAST LONDON).—This Festival (which lasted, on and off, from May 11 to May 26) grows in popularity, and the choral singing which it has brought to life in the neighbourhood shows a higher standard every year. Dr. Stanley Marchant, who adjudicated and conducted the final concert, wrote that he 'had heard a great variety of admirably chosen music of the best schools, and was much impressed by the consistently high standard of the choral work.' The chief prizes were won by the Stepney Orpheus Choir (Rev. C. J. Beresford); Toynbee Choral Society (Mr. T. P. Fielden); All Saints', Haggerston, Girls' Friendly Society (Mr. Findlay); Millfields Institute Male-Voice Choir (Mr. A. Morgan); Central Foundation (Secondary) School, Spital Square (Miss Black); Highgate Village Orchestra (Mr. Peter Farquharson). The other adjudicators were Mr. W. R. Anderson, Mr. T. F. Dunhill, Mr. Allen Gill, and Mr. E. Stanley Roper.

TAUNTON.—This Festival was revived on June 14, after a lapse of three years. There was a very largely increased entry, and three judges and three halls were kept busy and filled throughout the day. The Festival restarts with the best of prospects, judging from the large number of school entries and from the capital all-round standard shown. Adult choral entries were few, but good. The Taunton Choral Society (Mr. Reginald Ward) sang delightfully, and promising form was shown by the Bishop's Lydeard Choral Society, a new organization. Other outstanding performances were those of the winning choirs in the classes for Women's Institutes (Taunton Holy Trinity G. F. S.), Senior Schools (North Newton), and Mixed School Choirs (Taunton Priory). A packed audience attended the prize-winners' concert in the evening. The judges were Miss Karpeles (folk dancing), Dr. Ernest Bullock, Mr. Harvey Grace, and Mr. Harold Jeboult.

Music in the Provinces

BIRMINGHAM AND DISTRICT.—The Repertory Theatre, which last month revived Sheridan's comic opera *The Duenna*, had the distinction of being selected by Dame Ethel Smyth to give the first performance of her one-Act opera, *Fête Galante*, on June 4, a week before its Covent Garden production. A beautiful, softly-coloured setting in the conventional Watteau manner was designed for the occasion by Mr. Paul Shelying, the artist at the theatre. The note of simplicity struck by the two-bar phrases of Pierrot's music was well realised by Mr. Sumner Austin. The music allotted to Columbine demands lightness of movement and some dramatic power from the singer. Miss Muriel Gough gave us the latter without quite attaining the former. Her singing, however, had moments of charm. The part of the beautiful, faithless queen offers little scope in the matter of vocal achievement, but Miss Dorothy d'Orsay's fine dramatic talent made the character one of the outstanding features of the little opera. Mr. Joseph Yates made a first appearance on the stage in the rôle of the King. His baritone voice is of first-rate quality, though his stage-work on the opening night was too lacking in style to be convincing. The subsidiary parts of the Lover and Harlequin were capably represented by Mr. Geoffrey Dams and Mr. Harry Sennett. A body of some seventeen players gave a satisfactory performance of the score under Dame Ethel Smyth's baton. *Fête Galante* was succeeded by the same composer's *The Boatwain's Mate*, when three well-known singers from the 'Old Vic.'—Miss Muriel Gough, Messrs. Robert Curtis and Sumner Austin—sang in their original parts. The chorus of drunken haymakers was particularly well done. The choruses in both operas were trained by Mr. Godfrey Graham. The annual concert by the Midland Institute School of Music was given on June 6, when a great advance in the standard of playing by the students' orchestra was shown. The conducting was shared by Mr. T. H. Smith and Mr. Julius Harrison. The latter conducted his own Prelude for string orchestra and pianoforte and three settings of Chinese poems. The solo work did not bring to light any student of outstanding promise. Some singing of hackneyed arias by vocal

students showed this branch of work to be far below the standard one might reasonably expect from an institution of the kind.—Sir Henry Wood has resigned his position as conductor of the Festival Choral Society on the grounds of pressure of engagements and lack of interest in the work of the Society displayed at Birmingham. Dr. Adrian C. Boulton has been appointed in his place.

BRISTOL.—The University students' male-voice choir had a well-chosen programme on May 26, and performed it with effect. It contained Mendelssohn's *Thou comest here to the land*, Vaughan Williams's *Five Mystical Songs*, Ernest Farrar's *The Winter, it is past*, Wallace's *The Outlaw*, Bax's *Now is the time of Christmas*, and some sailor shanties. Mr. A. S. Warrell conducted.

EDINBURGH.—'Modern Choralism' was the subject of a lecture given under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association on May 16, by Mr. Greenhouse Allt. He said that the elements of melody had their origin in nature, and he dwelt on nature's influence on music.

—On May 16, Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser began a series of lecture-lesson recitals to teachers and students of Hebridean songs, and gave illustrations with Miss Margaret Fraser.—The Bach Society, at its sixth meeting of the session, on May 17, performed a Bach Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello in D, a Suite by Purcell, and Bach's *Peasant Cantata*.

EXETER.—At the May meeting of the Chamber Music Club, the programme included Stanford's Pianoforte Quintet, Op. 25, and *Six Pastorals* for four voices, four strings, and pianoforte, by Walford Davies. Dr. Ernest Bullock is the director of music.—It was a good idea to invite the local musical societies to participate in the opening of the new Civic Hall on June 4. The Oratorio Society (now conducted solely by Mr. Allan Allen) made its first appearance since reorganisation, and its singing was a pleasurable surprise and created hopes of a great future for the Society. The programme comprised several part-songs, and particularly must be mentioned the singing of Macfarren's *The Three Fishers* and Pinsuti's *The sea hath its pearls*. The male choir was conducted by Mr. W. J. Cotton in glees and part-songs, and the string orchestra played Mozart's *Nachtmusik* and the *Larghetto* from Elgar's *Serenade for Strings*. The new hall will seat sixteen hundred people, and on the whole its acoustics are good, especially when it is filled.

HARROGATE.—Dvorák's 'Cello Concerto, with Mr. Norman Attwell as soloist, was given along with Beethoven's eighth Symphony and Mozart's *Haffner Serenade No. 7*, at the Symphony Concert at the Royal Hall on May 17. All were conducted by Mr. Howard Carr, who also directed performances of Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger Overture* and of Delius's *On hearing the first cuckoo in Spring*.—Roger Quilter conducted his *Children's Overture* on May 24, when the Municipal Orchestra, under Mr. Howard Carr, played Elgar's *Enigma Variations* and Mackenzie's *Youth, Sport, and Loyalty Overture*. Mr. Batts Partridge was the soloist in the late Ernest Farrar's *Variations in G*, for pianoforte and orchestra, based on Dibdin's *Hark! the Boatswain*. The same concert was likewise the occasion of the first performance in Yorkshire of Mr. Howard Carr's attractive Symphonic Suite, *The Jolly Roger*.—On May 31, Mr. Carr conducted Schumann's Symphony No. 2, in C, Vaughan Williams's *Overture, The Wasps*, and a Purcell String Suite. On the evening of the same day an Italian programme was given at the Royal Hall, including Mr. Carr's concert arrangement of Rossini's ballet, *La Boutique Fantasque*.—On June 7, the Symphony was Schubert's great C major. At this concert two pieces were played for the first time at Harrogate, viz., the late Mr. Learmont Drysdale's Glasgow prize overture, *Tam o' Shanter*, and C. A. Lidgley's *Roundelay*, scored for oboe (Mr. John Hartley), horn (Mr. O. Paersch), 'cello (Mr. Norman Attwell), violin (Mr. John Davies), and harp (Miss Hilda Atkinson).—The second Chamber Concert, on June 8, was marked by the first performance of Howard Carr's new work for string quartet, entitled *Three Dances in the Old Style*. Tchaikovsky's great Trio was played by Messrs. John Davies (violin), Norman Attwell ('cello), and Batts Partridge (pianoforte). Mr. Fred Jervis

played the second violin in Beethoven's String Quartet, Op. 18, No. 2.

LEAMINGTON.—The programme of the English Trio on May 26 included Tchaikovsky in A, and Goossens's *Impressions of a holiday*. The three players are Mr. Wilfred Ridgway (pianoforte), Mr. Charles W. Bye (violin), and Mr. Frederick Bye (violoncello). The same programme was given at Bath a few days earlier.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. George Hill and Mr. John Tobin collaborated in a song-pianoforte recital at Crane Hall on May 10. The programme included several unaccompanied songs by Herbert Bedford, who explained the object of such song-writing. Mr. Hill sang Ireland's *Earth's Call* and two songs of Eugene Goossens.—At the second of the Ben Marché concerts, on May 13, Mr. Albert Sammons and Mr. William Murdoch played the César Franck Sonata and the *Kreutzer* Sonata. Among Mr. Murdoch's solos was Ireland's *Island Spell*.—Old English music formed the chief items in the programme of Mr. Albert Dolmetsch's chamber concert on May 15. It included pieces by Byrd, Christopher Simmons, Richard Deering, and a Sonata for two violins by Purcell. The melody of a composition attributed to Henry VIII. was played on a viol actually dating from the early Tudor period.—The School Massed Singing Association held its tenth Festival in St. George's Hall on May 16, conducted by Mr. Robert MacLeod. This large choir of children sang C. H. Lloyd's setting of Whitman's *My Captain*, Nunn's setting of Autolycus's song, and several folk-songs.—In Crane Hall, on May 26, Miss Margaret Greenfield and Mrs. Oriska Ward gave a recital of English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish folk-songs, the last with harp accompaniment.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—On May 26 three compositions which have received the Carnegie award were performed by the Middlesbrough String Quartet and three pianists—Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Banton and Miss Emily Carmichael. The works were Alfred M. Wall's String Quartet in C minor, Edgar Bainton's Concerto-Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, and Dr. W. G. Whittaker's Pianoforte Quintet, *Among the Northumbrian Hills*.

MOLD.—Sir Walford Davies spoke on May 31 on music-making, and urged the formation of circles for music practice, stating that weekly meetings should be the minimum. He subsequently conducted a rehearsal of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* by the Mold section of the National Eisteddfod Choir and representatives of other contingents.

OXFORD.—The newly-formed Handel Orchestral Society of twenty-five performers gave its first concert, on May 20, in Arlosh Hall, Manchester College. Mr. J. J. Rolfe was called upon at short notice to conduct. The *Occasional Overture* and Hamilton Harty's arrangement of the *Water Music* were played.—On May 24, Iliffe Glee Club sang *Hicwatha's Wedding-Feast* and several part-songs, including Maurice Besly's *Sleep*, Parry's *Since thou, O fondest*, and Wood's *Full fathom five*. Mr. Reginald Jacques, of Queen's College, conducted.—On May 27 the New Oxford Orchestra played the *Unfinished Symphony*, Mr. Harry Norris conducting in the absence of Mr. Maurice Besly.—Music-making during Eights week opened on May 27 with a secular concert by Magdalen choir in the cloisters, Dr. Stewart conducting. The only non-British works sung were a French chanson and Brahms's *Vineta*. Otherwise no less than seven hundred years of British musical growth were recapitulated, from John of Fornsete to Holst's *Eastern Pictures*, Dr. Walker's *Full fathom five*, and Dr. Stewart's *Lake Isle of Innisfree*.—At Christ Church, on May 21, Mr. Harold Samuel played a Bach programme. The choir of men and boys and the orchestra of Exeter College were conducted by Mr. P. G. Temple on the following day in Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, Purcell's *The Three Witches*, and a Mass folk-song, arranged by Dr. Ley. The boys sang Holst's *Song of the Lumbermen*, Dr. Ley's *Where go the Boats*, and Elgar's *Evening Scene*.—Keele College Musical Society, including chorus and orchestra, were conducted by Mr. Sydney Watson on May 30. The programme included a Purcell Suite, Mozart's Symphony

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G minor, an orchestral Suite of Russian folk-songs by Liadov, a Bach Overture in G minor, and Balfour Gardiner's *News from Whydah*.—Sir Hugh Allen conducted the joint local orchestras on June 3, when the *Hebrides* Overture, the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, with Miss Margaret Fairless as soloist, and a Bach-Besly Trio in C minor were played.—At Queen's College, on June 6, the Eglesfield Musical Society was conducted by Mr. R. Jaques. The choir of men and boys sang Besly's *Shenandoah* and *Sleep*, and Bantock's *O, can ye sew cushions?* Mr. Sumner Austin sang Besly's *An Epitaph*, Miss Janet Agnew sang *Do not go, my love* (Richard Hageman), and *Dissonance* (Borodin).—Sir Hugh Allen opened a series of lectures on Elizabethan music in the Sheldonian on June 9.—The eighth and last of the present series of Subscription Concerts, on June 14, was devoted to the music of William Byrde, performed by the Choir of New College with additional voices from Magdalen and Christ Church and a small band. The latter played a Fantasia for strings, and the choir sang Latin motets, carols, English motets and anthems, madrigals—one a *Funerall Song of that honorable gent, Sir Philip Sidney Knight*—and Dr. H. G. Ley played pianoforte music.

PONTYPRIDD.—The Griffiths-Pugh Pianoforte Trio gave a concert on May 29, the vocalists including a young tenor, Mr. Lucas Bassett, who made his début on this occasion.

SHEFFIELD.—A miscellaneous concert, arranged by Miss Beard, took place in the Cutlers' Hall on May 8, when songs by Bax, Goossens, Armstrong Gibbs, and Herbert Bedford were interspersed with instrumental items from the works of Felix White, Percy Grainger, Frank Bridge, &c. The Sheffield String Quartet (Messrs. F. Mountney, N. Rouse, A. Smith, and Collin Smith) contributed movements by Frank Bridge.—Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* was sung by the Carver Street Choral Society under Miss Ethel Prescott on May 14.—Vincent D'Indy's fine *Trio* was performed on May 31 by Miss Hilda Cawood (pianoforte), Miss Zoe Addy (violin), and Mr. Collin Smith (cello) at the Crossley Concert in Victoria Lecture Hall.

WINCHESTER.—The City of Winchester Musical Society performed Bach's *God's time is the best*, Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, Sweeting's *Canadian Boat Song* (with Mr. Herbert Smith as soloist), and Stanford's *The Revenge*, on June 7, Mr. J. A. Sowerbutts conducting.

YORK.—The York Musical Society is to give Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony* next season, and Mr. Harold Samuel has been engaged for a forthcoming concert.—In commemoration of the Byrde-Weekes tercentenary, a series of their works was sung in the nave of York Minster, on June 2, by the choir, conducted by Dr. E. C. Bairstow, who also played a number of organ pieces, including Bach's *Sonata in C minor*.—The York Symphony Orchestra has been affiliated with the British Music Society.

THE WEINGARTNER CONCERTS

Weingartner's three concerts with the London Symphony Orchestra brought back to us a type of conducting that we had almost forgotten. Every now and then a plaintive voice is heard in the British Press asking for music without the intrusion of the personality of the performer. The demand is a vain one, for a man can no more keep himself out of the music he plays than he can dodge his own shadow, and the attempt to give us just 'the music' without his own personal view of what the music means would only result in his giving us the negative instead of the positive pole of his own personality. But personality in performance may mean several things; it is all a matter of degree and of quality. Compared with some conductors, Weingartner seems impersonal; that is to say, in ninety-nine bars out of a hundred he seems to be just letting the music play itself, without twisting it about and tearing gashes in it here and there, so that his own head and hand may show through it, as is the way with some conductors.

But the avoidance of unnecessary interference does not mean lack of control. There may be more in the art of riding shown in giving a good horse his head than in incessantly tearing at the bit and jabbing with the spurs. And what Weingartner mostly does is to give the music its head, but with perfect control of it and the wisest guidance of it.

So little does he interfere with the natural 'step' of the rhythm, that a superficial listener might be forgiven for believing his beat to be merely metronomic. But if you are curious enough to test him on this point over, say, a hundred bars, you will find that the pulse of the music is subtly varying its pace all the time. The steadiness is anything but dead uniformity. And the steadiness comes from that admirable intellectual control that, in any given bar, keeps in view the land so far traversed and the land still to be traversed; over the whole of the work—in a symphony, especially, over the whole work, not merely over each movement—runs that big containing line of which Blake spoke as the ideal and the secret of good design.

Weingartner's intellectuality does not, perhaps, appeal to everyone: there are some who prefer a more nervous quality and more sudden dynamic contrasts. But for those who, like myself, believe that a great work of art will bear interpreting in fifty different ways, the intellectual reading is as welcome as the nervous, if there is genius in the conductor or the player.

Weingartner's readings are like himself—lean, taut, sinewy, sparing of gesture, contemptuous of (if I may coin a word to characterise a certain type of conductor) mere peacocketry. There is a military precision in everything that he does; we notice it most readily in the inferior music he plays, where, our minds being under no emotional spell, we can detach ourselves from the music and watch the machine at work. Liszt's *Les Preludes* was especially valuable to us in this respect: it was good to see the efficient jaws of the machine closing so swiftly and so infallibly upon the phrases, even if what they bit off and tossed to us was hardly worth our eating. It was in the 3rd, 5th, and 7th Symphonies of Beethoven, the *Magic Flute* Overture, and the *Carnival Romain* Overture that we had Weingartner at his best—incomparably clear-headed, with an intellectual lucidity that of itself was an emotional joy, as a fine demonstration in philosophy or science sometimes is, dignified, sincere, and enormously impressive for all his lack of ostentation. The one reading I could not agree with was that of Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony. Weingartner always has a way of taking the second subject of a movement rather more slowly than the first. As a rule he convinces us, if not that this is right *per se*, at any rate that it is perfectly right for that particular reading. But not only was the second subject of the Schubert taken much more slowly than I could see any reason for, but the first movement as a whole seemed to me as much too slow as the slow movement was too fast. His performance of Delius's *Brigg Fair* failed in another way: his precision of style and objectivity of outlook do not suit music so elusive as this.

The modern works he gave us were Holbrooke's *The Raven* and his Pianoforte Concerto *Gwyn ap Nudd* (the solo part in the latter, as in a Liszt Concerto, was in the capable hands of Mr. Lamond). Both were promising works for their period, and both have a good deal of the genuine Holbrooke in them; but we are less conscious of this now than of the Wagner-Liszt-Tchaikovsky influence under which they were conceived. Weingartner's own overture and incidental music to *The Tempest* were pleasant enough in an old-fashioned, German way. E. N.

[Mr. Munro Davison writes kindly pointing out that in A. K.'s notice of the recent performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* at Queen's Hall, Mr. Archibald Winter is mentioned as singing the part of the Evangelist, whereas that rôle was admirably sustained by Mr. Norman Stone.—Ed.]

The Mewton Choir, of Melbourne (conducted by Mr. Frederick Mewton), chose excellent music for a recent concert—madrigals of Morley and Benet, and Bach's double motet, *Come, Jesu, come*, were included.

ROYAL MANCHESTER COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The Manchester College of Music was last month granted a Charter of Incorporation by His Majesty's Privy Council, and H.R.H. The Duke of York has consented to be President. These facts are of interest to the musical profession generally, as well as a source of gratification to the institution concerned.

Chartered institutions in Britain have always enjoyed a special status, and this is as it should be, for a Royal Charter, even if it carries no material benefits, does confer an inalienable warranty of character and standing. In this sphere of musical education only three others of our English institutions have obtained charters, and they are all metropolitan—the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College of Music, and the Royal College of Organists.

Founded under the direction of Sir Charles Hallé, the Manchester College of Music was called into being by the musical enthusiasm of the people of Lancashire, who desired to provide their citizens with all that was best in systematic and institutional teaching, such as at that time could be obtained only in London or abroad. Manchester was chosen as a centre because of its position, and because of the presence in it of Sir Charles Hallé and the Hallé Orchestra. The people of Lancashire and the surrounding counties did the rest, providing a college building, local scholarships, and an endowment (for the first five years) of £2,000 a year, as well as a complete equipment for the building, including the provision of a couple of organs.

The Manchester College has always been exceptionally strong in its string department. In the opening years it owed much to Willy Hess. His removal paved the way for the coming of Dr. Adolph Brodsky, who for over five-and-twenty years has directed its fortunes both as principal and head of the string school. Mr. Arthur Catterall is a product of this school. In the pianoforte department, the first principal was succeeded by a number of eminent performers and teachers, including Miss Olga Nevada, Mr. Dayas, Mr. Friedheim, Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus, and Mr. Egon Petri. Mr. R. J. Forbes, Miss Lucy Pierce, and Mr. Anderson Tyrer are products of this department of the College. In singing, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and her daughter were succeeded by Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. John Acton, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Fillunger, Miss Marie Brema, and Mr. J. Francis Harford. Among distinguished singers and teachers trained at the Manchester College may be named Miss Edna Thornton, Mr. Webster Millar, and Mr. Norman Allin.

Certain features of the College curriculum are distinctive. It was the first of the English colleges to make attendance at a teaching course compulsory upon all its students, because it was found that nine-tenths of the students, upon leaving, entered the teaching profession. Then its diploma is restricted to those who have been trained within its walls. Like the modern universities, the Royal Manchester College is not willing to examine students and award diplomas to candidates offering themselves from outside. It is also opposed to the multiplication of examinations generally, and considers itself first and last a teaching body existing for the single purpose of producing musicians.

We congratulate the Royal Manchester College, and wish it continued and increasing prosperity under the charter which its merits have fully earned.

IRELAND

A new two manual organ was opened in Creggan Parish Church, near Crossmaglen, Co. Louth, on May 6, by the Primate of All Ireland. Mr. F. H. Reilly (Newry) presided at the organ.

On May 31, His Excellency The Governor-General (Mr. T. M. Healy) distributed the prizes at the annual symposium of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, and announced that the yearly grant would be continued by the Free State Government. He also praised the excellent work that is being done by the Academy for students all over the country.

The Bishop of London (who preached at Belfast on June 3) was the special preacher at the Armagh Choral Festival on June 4. In the course of his address he said that though he had heard good singing in England and

Wales, he had never heard more hearty singing than that of the Irish. In all, twenty-seven choirs assisted, under the conductorship of the Rev. T. Careys, with Dr. Chaundy at the organ.

Mr. Charles W. Kelly, senior vicar-choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin (appointed in 1897), has retired. He was formerly much in request as an oratorio singer, and as professor at the R.I.A.M. from 1889 to 1894.

Musical Notes from Abroad

AMSTERDAM

On May 16 the 'Beethoven-cycle' came to an end with the performance of the eighth and ninth Symphonies, this being the last concert of this season conducted by Dr. Muck. The financial success of the series (all the concerts were invariably sold out many days in advance) has led the Concertgebouw to give another series of twelve orchestral concerts at popular prices. These are being equally well supported by the public.

The season having now practically come to an end, there have been only a few straggling concerts apart from those given by the Concertgebouw. In a certain way the most interesting recital was that of M. Georges Auric, of Paris. He is a member of 'Les Six,' and only works of 'Les Six' were performed—after a lecture on them. The lecture was on the whole the most interesting item of the evening. We learned that the ideals of the 'Six' were modelled chiefly on Debussian lines, but also profited from the still more modern theories of such men as Stravinsky, whom the lecturer did not hesitate to regard in the light of a musical saviour. Franck, d'Indy, and others were, according to him, only 'post-Beethovenians.' The long and the short of M. Auric's speech consisted of course in trying to convince us that, while he did not desire that we should completely abjure the older masters, the only true essence of musical art was that presented in the compositions of 'Les Six.' The main part of the scheme itself consisted of a great number of compositions by Erik Satie, the alleged 'Father' of the 'Six,' whose works filled the first part of the programme. In the second part compositions by Georges Auric and E. T. L. Mesens were heard. As both these composers are still very young, it is just as well not to pass too rash a judgment upon them. On the whole the specimens were a rather mild sort of what is generally called futurist music. What extravagance there was did not live up to the titles of the several numbers. As regards the texts of the songs—which, by the way, were cleverly sung by Madame Evelyne Bréla, of Brussels—a greater anomaly between words and music could hardly be found. The biggest anomaly, however, was that the concert was given in a church, which rendered the performance of fox-trots and the like completely repulsive.

Mention has to be made of a very fine concert, on May 25, by Dr. Burkhardt's 'Mixed Choir' of Berlin.

W. HARMANS.

PARIS

During the past two months or so the most remarkable feature in musical life here has been the number and variety of orchestral concerts. Throughout the season we have been having a good many, but of late it has become almost as difficult to keep pace with conductors as usually it is with recital-givers.

Kussewitzky should be mentioned first. He gave (at the Opéra) four very interesting concerts whose programmes comprised the first Paris performance of Bax's Tone-Poem and of Reed's *Scherzo Will-o'-Wisp*. The former work was particularly well received by both Press and public. Other novelties played were Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony*, a *Scherzo* by Tansman, Honegger's *Chant de Joie*, and two Poèmes for voice and orchestra, by Delage. Most remarkable perhaps for its directness and clarity was the new Honegger work. It is altogether free from the startling departures which the composer's very name suggests, and is unquestionably effective. The Delage poems proved poetic and genuine in feeling. The other principal works were Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite*, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, and Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto No. 482, with Wanda Landowska.

Walter Straram (who, I am told, is purely French, despite his foreign-sounding name) is a new-comer among conductors; and judging by the four concerts of modern music which marked his début, one who should be heartily welcomed. His programmes covered a good deal of ground: so much so, indeed, that I was shocked to find in them no single British item. Afterwards I heard that his intention was to give Holst's *Planets*, but that not commanding sufficient time for rehearsals he had postponed the performance rather than play only part of the work. What he did give consisted of things already known here, such as Schmitt's *Salome*, Strauss's *Eulenspiegel*, Aubert's *Habañera*, and Casella's *Pages de Guerre*; along with some novelties, viz.: Suk's *Praga*, Kœchlin's *Heures Persanes*, a Pastoral and a March by Hans Krása (an Austrian composer, born in 1890), Schönberg's *Kammersymphonie*, Tommasini's *Il Beato Regno*, Honegger's Overture to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, Anton Webern's *Passacaglia*, and Bartók's *Four Pieces*. Of these, the finest were the Bartók and Kœchlin items. The latter consists of three pieces, remarkable for their terseness and the wealth of genuine poetry with which they are instinct. Honegger's Overture is a curious work, whose intentions are at times difficult to follow.

First performances of the following works took place of late at the Concerts-Pasdeloup: *Renouveau*, by Alpaerts (written in 1903), a bright and forcible piece; *Poème de la Nuit*, by Fromaigeat, which revealed genuineness coupled with insufficient experience; *En Marge de Shakespeare*, by A. Borchard, consisting of three parts entitled 'Portia,' 'Juliette,' and 'Ophelia' respectively—pleasing, straightforward, and, generally speaking, appropriate stuff; two very charming songs by Pillois, *Vau* and *Jugement*; an Overture by H. Filleul; and an ambitious but not very significant *Cantique du Firmament* by D. V. Fumet.

The composer Alfred Kullmann conducted, at the Salle des Agriculteurs, a concert whose programme consisted partly of works of his own and partly of Wagnerian excerpts. His *Tentation*, a lyric scene which was sung by Madame Martel and M. Murano, proved more convincing than the heavy and at times transparently gruesome music of his ballet *Satan Vaincu*.

At the Concerts-Lamoureux was given for the first time Paul Paray's *Fantaisie* for pianoforte and orchestra, classical in conception and in workmanship, pleasing, and moderately original.

At the Concerts-Colonne the chief attractions were d'Indy's *Wallenstein* and *Symphonie sur un chant Montagnard* (superbly played with himself conducting) and Mlle. Blanche Selva (at the pianoforte), Debussy's *Saint-Sébastien*, and Braunstein's *Chant de la Nuit*.

CHORAL CONCERTS

At Paris choral music is the exception and not the rule. It is therefore satisfactory to find both the Schola Cantorum and the Chanteurs de St.-Gervais—our mainstays so far as choral singing is concerned—active, and to have to record the doings of Kibaltchitch's Russian Choir, and of Marc de Ransé's Chœur Mixte de Paris. The last-named organization made good at the Salle Gaveau on May 8 in a mixed programme extending from Costeley and Jannequin to Fauré, Ravel, and Pillois. The Russian Choir at the Trocadéro (worst of Paris concert-halls) gave us some good national stuff and some that was indifferent. At the Schola Cantorum were performed excerpts of Chausson's *Le Roi Artus*, which nowadays sounds singularly obsolete. Another attractive event was provided by the Chorale des Franciscaines, on May 20. The programme included music by Adam de Saint-Victor, Monteverde, Bach, and other old masters, Honegger's *Roi David* (which is a very fine work), Caplet's *O Salutaris*, and a variety of other things. Among the music sung by the Chanteurs de St.-Gervais should be mentioned a *Benedictus* by Andréas, an *Adoramus* by Corsi, a *Christus Factus Est* by J. Gallus, and a *Regina Celi* by Archinger. These singers also gave a concert at the Salle Gaveau, at which they sang modern items by Fauré, Kœchlin, Bordes, Saint-Réquier, Ravel, Debussy, Manuel, and Komitas.

PIANISTS

Under ideal conditions, there ought to be very little for me to write about recitals; for, exactly as we have had here

of late Rummel and Howard-Jones, and as Cortôt and Prokofiev play in England, so would all artists worth hearing be regularly heard in both countries. As things are, you in England never hear Ricardo Viñes—one of the most admirable and delightful pianists that ever were—or Blanche Selva; similarly, we at Paris never get a chance of hearing Harold Samuel. Among the younger men who should be specially noticed are Gil-Marcheix and Robert Casadesu. The latter is becoming famous as a player of Ravel's music, and has recently given a splendid Beethoven recital. Gil-Marcheix has devoted a whole programme to dance music for pianoforte, beginning with 16th-century composers and ending with Stravinsky and Bartók. He played most brilliantly and attractively. Viñes played at the Concerts-Alexandrovitch and at the *Revue Musicale*, where his contributions consisted of pieces by Poulenc, Claude Duboscq, Ravel, and de Falla. Mlle. Blanche Selva gave a recital of modern French music at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. I enjoyed Odette Lemoine's readings of works by Bréville, Liapounov, and Albeniz, and must also praise Iturbi's playing, as well as mention Madame Caffaret's excellent readings of Schumann and Chopin. There have been countless other recitals, some of them very attractive, but it is impossible to deal with all.

MODERN MUSIC SOCIETIES AND OTHERS

At the Société Nationale was played, on May 12, Fauré's new Trio, a work of admirable delicacy and charm—one of the great composer's very best. At the Société Musicale Indépendante took place the first performance of Kœchlin's Sonata for oboe and pianoforte, which is of great beauty and originality. The Société d'Instruments à Vent has given a performance of the same composer's Sonata for two flutes, which I think less interesting, of a Wind Quartet by Labey, another by Migot, and a Symphony for ten wind instruments by Milhaud. A concert of works by the Swedish composer, Sjögren—some pretty, others insignificant—took place at the Lyceum Club. Another of works by Gaubert—all attractive, and some quite poetic and bright—was given at the Salle des Agriculteurs. Rumanian music for a *cappella* choir was heard at the Rumanian Church, J. Kiresco conducting, and Indian music at the Salle Trévisé, under the auspices of Maheboob Khan and Musharaf Khan. And the merciless chart of concerts which lies before me says that many other kinds of music have been played elsewhere. As I may not fill a whole issue of the *Musical Times*, I shall cry a halt, and defer until next month notices of singers and of the lyric theatres.

A. BOLD.

TORONTO

The New Symphony Orchestra, of sixty-seven members, recently organized by Mr. Luigi von Kunits, has already held three 'Twilight Concerts' (at five o'clock). Moderate prices of seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five cents have resulted in a very satisfactory attendance. The programmes included the *Unfinished* Symphony, Tchaikovsky's fifth, and other popular and standard works.

At the first annual Festival of the Ontario Music Association, held in Massey Hall from April 30 to May 5, Mr. Plunket Greene and Prof. Granville Bantock were the adjudicators. Over three hundred and fifty competitors entered, and very high standards were attained in the pianoforte and violin classes.

The Hart House (University) Theatre season closed with a successful performance of Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*, under the direction of Mr. Bertram Forsythe and Mr. Reginald Stewart.

A marked improvement in the standard of technique and interpretation was noticeable at the two recitals for advanced students promoted by Toronto Conservatory of Music, and at the Canadian Academy of Music annual concert. Over thirty pupils were heard at the three events.

Mr. Duncan McKenzie, Director of Music in the Toronto Schools, is doing magnificent work among the children. At the Empire Day concert in Massey Hall he chose a very happy selection of folk-songs, and works by our leading British composers, which were sung by a choir of six hundred boys and girls.

Recitals have been given by the following: Carlo Buhler and Alberto Guerrero (two pianofortes); Mr. Arthur

Blight (pupils); Dr. W. K. Vincent (pupils); Madame Winnifred Hicks-Lynde; Mary Bothwell and Victor Edmunds; and Marley Sherris (English songs).

Florence Easton and Edmund Burke, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, were heard at the *Daily Star* Festival of Spring, in which a large chorus chosen from our leading choirs took part in a Pageant of Song. The concerts were Nos. 56 and 57 of the *Star* Free Music Series, under the direction of Mr. Augustus Bridle, the *Star* music critic.

H. C. F.

VIENNA

THE VIENNA GROUP OF THE I.S.C.M.

A mere handful of Viennese musical modernists, it may be remembered, formed the nucleus of what, at last summer's Salzburg Festival, developed into the much broader and communally-rooted scheme known as the International Society for Contemporary Music. Unfortunately, the Viennese group, so far from exerting the preponderance which might have been their prerogative, has been relegated to a minor position in this musical League of Nations. Moreover, their influence within their own country is equally limited, owing to the peculiar conditions of local musical politics. The general public, as a matter of course, is essentially conservative in this musical metropolis, where an old musical tradition is still rampant; and not only the public, but even more so the professional critical fraternity is uncompromisingly reactionary, its members being addicted to partisanship for one composer or the other or for one or another group. The sole common feature to all of their criticisms is, however, their outspoken hatred against the 'perilous musical Bolsheviks'—or modernists.

The first concert of the Vienna group of the I.S.C.M., therefore, found a small audience composed of a handful of progressive musicians, and an equally small number of antagonists whose preconceived attitude was one of opposition. The programme, indeed, was none too radical, comprising Busoni's Toccata, some early Schönberg songs, the *Chansons de Bilitis* by Debussy, Arthur Honegger's Violin Sonata (a promising Op. 1, but entirely influenced by César Franck), Béla Bartók's Suite, Op. 14, *Nónic* (No. 2), and the Ballad from the *Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs*.

A more daring enterprise was the introduction, two days earlier, of the Violin Sonata, Op. 5, by Paul A. Pisk, who is one of the most interesting among the young Viennese composers. The first performance of this piece took place at a chamber music concert given by Miss Mary Dickenson-Auner, the British violinist and a brave fighter for musical progress, her programme also including a strongly Wagnerian String Quartet in one movement by Walter Klein, and a melodious and somewhat operatic Pianoforte Quintet by Benno Sachs. By far the most important of these compositions was the Pisk Sonata, an immensely difficult and intricate composition abounding in strength and in the rhythmic significance which is so frequently lacking in the music of our moderns. The second and third movements are particularly striking.

CRISIS AT THE STAATSOOPER

The season is drawing to an end at the National Opera, and in summarising the situation we find a meagre result. There was but one novelty—*Der Schatzgräber*, by Schreker. Two other new works—*The Dwarf* by Zemlinsky, and Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*—have, as usual with this theatre, been held over for next season. At the Redoutensaal, the Staatsoper's branch theatre, two polished revivals—*Don Pasquale* and *Jean de Paris*—disappeared after but few performances. Meanwhile the financial situation of the Staatsoper has reached a point where even the Austrian Parliament has seen fit to intervene. It has decided on the appointment of a 'dictator' over Strauss and Schalk, and Dr. Renkin, the man chosen for this post, has been authorised to supervise the management of the Staatsoper in a scrutinising manner. The personnel, which is excessively numerous—without for the most part being really efficient—is to be materially reduced, and the Government proposes to inaugurate a scheme

whereby the Staatsoper's Company will be taken on tour to foreign countries at regular intervals, the proceeds of these trips to meet the deficit of the Vienna season. A tour of Switzerland has been decided on for next autumn, and others are now under consideration. Directors Strauss and Schalk are at present absent on South American tours, and in view of the recent severe attacks upon him, both in Parliament and Press, it is expected that Strauss at least will tender his resignation on his return early next season.

FOREIGN CONDUCTORS

The Volksoper is in an even more critical state, both artistically and financially. A plan which has recently been originated (and propagated by a high official of the Staatsoper) to effect a merger of the Staatsoper and Volksoper, is not likely to materialise. That excellent results may be achieved even with the comparatively limited means which the Volksoper commands, was conclusively proved by a notable performance of *Die Walküre* with which Signor Giorgio Polacco, musical director of the Chicago Opera, made his début at Vienna as a conductor of German opera. It was astonishing to compare the really splendid work of the Volksoper's orchestra on that occasion with the mediocre playing which is the rule at this theatre.

An orchestral concert has been given by a young Englishman named Kenneth H. Bennet, who is said to be a disciple of Otto Lohse, the Leipsic conductor. Bennet is most likely a gifted musician, but as yet he lacks the assured repose justly required of an artist before the public. An event of great interest was the symphony concert directed by Dr. S. Rumschisky, a Russian musician resident in London. His programme consisted of contemporary British music throughout. Elgar's *Enigma* Variations had been heard previously, but the *London* Symphony by Vaughan Williams, and *Tintagel* by Arnold Bax, were new to Vienna. The Vaughan Williams work, rather too long to arrest interest throughout, pays homage to Puccini's melodies without, on the other hand, shunning reminiscences of Wagner and Strauss, or Charpentier's *Louise*. The second movement of the work, an 'atmospheric' piece of music, is by far the happiest. The Bax symphonic poem, with its admitted quotations from *Tristan*, and some other less voluntary borrowings from the Nibelungen dramas, might have been dismissed as a Wagner aftermath save for certain elements, akin to French impressionism, which are decidedly Bax's own.

SOLOISTS

In the same concert a sensational success fell to Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, who has taken Vienna by storm. A song recital by the same artist strengthened the impression that he is one of the few really great singers who have visited Vienna this season. His singing of Schubert or Brahms is distinguished by a flawless enunciation of the German words hardly equalled by the average German singer, and by an understanding of the innermost meaning of these songs which is nothing short of astonishing, and the centuries-old grief which is the inheritance of his race seemed to vibrate in his singing of the plaintive Negro Spirituals. His success here was enormous.

The return of George Baklanov, who started his international career at the Vienna Opera some ten years ago, was disappointing as a vocal exhibition, but his mastery of dramatic song interpretation was forcibly demonstrated in a number of Russian and French specimens. Heinrich Schlusnus, supreme among German lyric baritones, owns a none too voluminous but well controlled voice with a somewhat uneven low register. Gratifying success fell to Mrs. Marjorie Perkins, a young Englishwoman, who is completing her vocal studies at Vienna.

Robert Pollak, the violinist, who is not a stranger to English audiences, was successful with several recitals, and a new Czech girl violinist, Ervina Brokesova, registered an almost sensational success. Mention is due of two boy prodigies, Robert Goldsand and Ludwig Kentner (pianists), whose playing showed a maturity far beyond their age; to the excellent Hungarian pianist, Tibor Szatmari; and to Mitja Nikisch, who appeared successfully with the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Weingartner.

The return of Tamara Karsavina, after many years of absence, proved her a past mistress of the technical side of her art, but somewhat lacking in spiritual and imaginative qualities. Her interpretation of Potiphar's wife in Strauss's *Legend of Josef* was perfect in the choreographic part of her work, but disappointing for its lack of mimic expression.

PAUL BECHERT.

Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

DAVID STRONG, on May 26, at St. Margarets, Twickenham. He was a Professor at the Guildhall School of Music, and sometime a Gentleman of His Majesty's Chapel Royal.

MRS. — CLAY, on April 28. Born in 1848, she was appointed organist of St. Paul's, Morton-by-Gainsborough, in her fifteenth year, and held the post until her death—a period of sixty years.

ARTHUR GEORGE HILL, D.Litt., F.S.A., a well-known antiquary, on June 16, at Hampstead, aged sixty-five. The eldest son of Thomas Hill, of Hampstead, he was born on November 12, 1857, and was sent to Westminster School. Going up to Jesus College, Cambridge, he took his degree in 1880, and travelled in Europe, especially in Spain, and also in Palestine for archaeological purposes. The University of Lille conferred on him the degree of Docteur des Lettres. Dr. Hill was a managing director of the firm of William Hill & Son, organ-builders, which was established in 1755 and amalgamated with Messrs. Norman & Beard in 1916. The combined firms have built organs for many cathedrals, town-halls, &c., in the United Kingdom and the Dominions. Dr. Hill's controlling interest in the firm ceased a short time ago, owing to ill-health, but he remained a director. He was president of the Federation of Organ Builders from its formation in 1914 to the time of his death. Dr. Hill was the author of a monumental work in two large folio volumes on *The Organ-Cases and Organs of the Middle Ages and Renaissance*, illustrated by himself. He also wrote books on the *Churches of Cambridgeshire*, the *Architectural History of the Christian Church*, and *Christian Art in Spain*, as well as numerous papers for archaeological societies.

Miscellaneous

We did the South London Philharmonic Society an injustice in our last issue by reducing two of its concerts to one. *Parsifal* was done on March 24, not as an item in a miscellaneous programme, but as a comprehensive selection of the chorus work and with most of the solo parts suitable for concert use. This was believed to be the first concert performance of *Parsifal* since the war. An audience of eighteen hundred attended. The final concert of the season was mainly orchestral, the programme including the *Unfinished Symphony*, the *Egmont Overture*, and the *Emperor Concerto*, with Mr. Walter Rummel as soloist.

We learn from the *Cape Times* that the Cape Town Orchestra and the Municipal Choral Society will in future join forces, the conductor being Dr. Barrow Dowling. Dr. Dowling has done fine service to choral music at the Cape, having organized and conducted Festivals of combined choirs so long ago as 1905-12. It is hoped that these Festivals will be revived. Dr. Dowling retired from active work just before the war, and has returned in response to a widely-expressed desire.

The thirteenth annual Festival of the Nonconformist Choir Union will take place at the Crystal Palace on July 7.

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 666. Ditto ... W. Jordan 4d.
 533. Ditto ... J. V. Roberts 3d.
 814. Ditto ... E. A. Sydenham 3d.
 307. Christ our Passover E. V. Hall 3d.
 783. Christ the Lord is risen again ... 4d.
 370. Christ the Lord is risen to-day ... 3d.
 488. Christians, awake ... J. Barnby 3d.
 648. Ditto ... H. M. Higgs 4d.
 953. Christmas Day ... G. Holst 4d.

445. Cleanse me, Lord G. F. Wrigley 3d.
 989. Come and let us ... A. Hollins 3d.
 52. Come, and let us return J. Goss 3d.
 95. Ditto ... W. Jackson 3d.
 805. Come hither, ye faithful Hofmann 4d.
 283. Come, Holy Ghost G. Elvey 4d.
 291. Ditto ... J. L. Hatton 4d.
 329. Ditto ... Palestrina 2d.
 717. Ditto ... C. Lee Williams 2d.
 881. Come, let us join our ... E. V. Hall 3d.
 293. Come, my soul ... G. C. Martin 4d.
 314. Come now, and let us H. W. Wareing 4d.
 1. Come unto Him ... Gounod 2d.
 946. Ditto ... H. Leslie 3d.
 236. Come unto Me H. R. Coultery 3d.
 635. Ditto ... G. J. Elvey 3d.
 103. Ditto (Bach) J. Stainer 3d.
 922. Come with high and holy Blair 3d.
 1005. Come ye, and let us Macfarren 3d.
 748. Come, ye children and J. Booth 3d.
 924. Ditto ... H. J. King 3d.
 334. Come, ye faithful ... E. V. Hall 3d.
 921. Come, ye faithful, raise the strains ... 3d.
 1019. Come, ye Saints H. E. Button 3d.
 931. Come, ye sin-defiled J. Stainer 2d.
 931. Come, ye thankful ... B. Steane 3d.
 914. Comes at times Woodward 3d.
 1008. Ditto ... H. Oakley 2d.
 994. Coronation Offertorium Elgar 2d.
 622. Create in me a clean heart P. J. Fry 3d.
 688. Crown Him the B. Luard-Selby 2d.
 356. Daughters of Jerusalem H. J. King 3d.
 449. Dawns the day ... R. H. Legge 3d.
 213. Day of Anger (Requiem) Mozart 6d.
 682. Day of wrath ... J. Stainer 2d.
 252. Death and life ... Walter Parratt 3d.
 968. Death is swallowed up in Hollins 3d.
 849. Deliver us, O Lord ... G. Gibbons 3d.
 90. Distracted with care Haydn 4d.
 887. Do not I fill heaven ... H. Blair 3d.
 737. Doth not wisdom cry D. S. Smith 3d.
 703. Drop down, ye heavens Stainer 4d.
 277. Enter not into Judgment Clarke 2d.
 362. Eternal source ... F. Brandeis 2d.
 1008. Evening and Morning Oakley 2d.
 854. Exalt ye the Lord ... J. Elliot Button 3d.
 764. Except the Lord build Edwards 3d.
 771. Ditto ... Eaton Fanning 4d.
 628. Ditto ... H. Gadsby 4d.
 470. Eye hath not seen (s.a.) Foster 3d.
 584. Ditto (S.A.T.B.) M. B. Foster 3d.
 625. Far be sorrow ... E. V. Hall 3d.
 672. Far from the world H. W. Parker 3d.
 329. Far from their home Woodward 3d.
 364. Father, hear the prayer F. Brandeis 2d.
 763. Father, now Thy grace W. Coenen 3d.
 46. Father of Heaven Walmisley 3d.
 384. Father of Life ... S. J. Gilbert 3d.
 768. Father of mercies ... E. V. Hall 3d.
 1005. Ditto ... S. P. Waddington 3d.
 671. Ditto ... John E. West 3d.
 1050. Fear not, O land ... E. Elgar 3d.
 28. Ditto ... John Goss 3d.
 916. Ditto ... W. Jordan 3d.
 872. Fear Thou not, for I am J. Booth 14d.
 446. Flee from evil ... W. J. Clarke 3d.
 253. For a special moment J. Stainer 2d.
 554. For ever blessed Mendelssohn 3d.
 198. For the mountains ... S. S. Wesley 4d.
 901. For this mortal ... S. S. Wesley 4d.
 728. Forsake me not ... J. Goss 4d.
 273. From the deep I called ... Spohr 6d.
 427. Give ear, O Lord T. M. Pattison 2d.
 433. Give ear, O Shepherd A. Whiting 3d.
 88. Give ear, O ye heavens Armes 3d.
 956. Ditto ... W. G. Alcock 3d.
 604. Give thanks, O Israel ... J. Gossley 4d.
 741. Give the King thy ... W. G. Alcock 6d.
 999. Ditto ... A. H. Brewer 3d.
 309. Give the Lord ... C. H. Lloyd 8d.
 383. Give unto the Lord H. W. Parker 4d.
 933. Glorious and powerful God Gibbons 3d.
 1039. Glorious in Heaven Vittoria 3d.
 2. Glory be to God ... S. S. Wesley 2d.
 779. Glory to God in the ... E. M. Mann 3d.
 341. God be merciful ... A. H. Mann 4d.
 49. Ditto ... S. S. Wesley 3d.

TO R. G. TOMBLIN, ESQ., AND THE CHOIR OF MARYLEBONE PARISH CHURCH

O LORD, THE MAKER OF ALL THING

EVENING ANTHEM

WORDS FROM THE PRIMER (1545)

MUSIC BY

H. A. CHAMBERS

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Poco Andante

SOPRANO *mp* O Lord, the Ma - ker of

ALTO *mp* O Lord, the Ma - ker of

TENOR *mp* O Lord, the Ma - ker of

BASS *mp* O Lord, the Ma - ker of

ORGAN **Poco Andante** $\text{♩} = 96$
p Gt. or Ch. Sw. comp.

all thing, . . We pray Thee now in this ev' - ning, . .

all . . thing, We pray Thee . . now in this ev' - ning,

all . . thing, We pray Thee now . . in this ev' - ning,

all . . thing, We pray Thee . . now, we pray Thee

O LORD, THE MAKER OF ALL THING

Us to de - fend through Thy mer - cy, Thy mer - cy, us to de - fend, de - fend, us to de - fend through Thy mer - cy From

cy From all de - ceit of our en - e - my, from all de - cy, us to de - fend, de - fend From all de - mer - cy From all de - ceit of our en - e - my, all de - ceit, from all de - ceit, all de -

ceit of our en - e - my. O let not us de - ceit of our en - e - my. of our en - e - my. ceit of our en - e - my.

O LORD, THE MAKER OF ALL THING

lu - ded be, Good Lord, with dream or fan - ta - sy,

mf espress.
O let not us de -

Gt. or Ch.

with dream or fan - ta - sy, with

with dream or fan - ta - sy, with

lu - ded be, good Lord, with dream or fan - ta - sy, with dream, with

with dream or fan - ta - sy, with

Gt.

crea.

add 16 ft.

mf
dream . . or fan - ta - sy, good Lord, with dream or . .

mf
dream . . or fan - ta - sy, good Lord, with dream or

mf
dream . . or fan - ta - sy, good Lord, with dream . . or

mf
dream . . or fan - ta - sy, good Lord, with dream or

O LORD, THE MAKER OF ALL THING
Poco meno mosso

fan - ta - sy; Our hearts
fan - ta - sy; Our hearts
fan - ta - sy; Our hearts
fan - ta - sy; Our hearts

mf

p Sw.

Sw.

senza Ped.

wa - king in Thee Thou keep, That we in sin, in
wa - king in Thee Thou keep, That we in sin
wa - king in Thee Thou keep, That we in sin
wa - king in Thee Thou keep, That we in sin

ad lib.

sin fall not on sleep. . . 0
fall not on sleep.
fall not on sleep. . .
fall not on sleep.

dim. e rall.

Tempo 1mo.

dim. e rall.

Tempo 1mo.

Gt. or Ch.
p

Man. *Ped.*

O LORD, THE MAKER OF ALL THING

Fa - - ther, through Thy . . bless - ed Son, . . Grant us

O Fa - ther, through Thy bless - ed . . Son, Grant,

O Fa - ther, through Thy . . bless - ed . . Son,

O Fa - ther, through Thy bless - ed . . Son, . . .

this our pe - ti - tion, . . grant us this our pe .

grant us this . . our pe - ti - tion, grant . . us, . .

Grant us, . . grant us . . this our pe - ti - tion, . .

Grant . . . us, grant us this our pe -

O LORD, THE MAKER OF ALL THING

cres. poco a poco

- ti - tion, our pe - ti - - - tion ; To Whom with the Ho - ly Ghost

cres. poco a poco

grant us this our pe - ti - tion ; To Whom, . . .

cres.

. . . grant us this our pe - ti - tion ; . . . To Whom with the

cres. poco a poco

- ti - tion, our pe - ti - tion ; To Whom, . . .

cres. poco a poco

cres.

al - ways, al - - - ways, In heav'n and earth be

f *cres.*

. . . to Whom with the Ho - ly Ghost al - ways, In heav'n and

f *cres.*

Ho - ly Ghost al - ways, al - - - ways, In heav'n and

f *marcato* *cres.*

. . . to Whom with the Ho - ly Ghost al - ways, In heav'n and

f *cres.*

O LORD, THE MAKER OF ALL THING

Allargando al fine

laud, in Heav'n and earth be laud, .. in .. heav'n and earth be
 earth be laud, in heav'n and earth, in heav'n and earth be
 earth be .. laud and praise, in heav'n and earth be
 earth be laud and praise, in heav'n and earth .. be ..

Allargando al fine

laud and praise. A - men. . .
 laud and praise. A - men. . .
 laud and praise. A - men. . .
 laud and praise. A - men. . .

Me
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Opera
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Ad Lib
Music i
A Chat
The By
Occasio
New M
Gramop
Church
Royal C
Samuel
The An
Letters
Sharps
Royal A
Royal C
Trinity
The Bri
London
Competi
Royal M
The U.
Music in
Obituary
Miscella

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EXTRA
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